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A SUMMER MEMORY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

In the season of sunshine and leisure,
When those who are rich take their rest,
I sought the seashore for the pleasure
To be had in a week, at the best.
My fancies were large in their splendor,
My ambition was lordly in tone;
But my pathway was decidedly slender,
And my time not exactly my own.

'Twas there that I met the sweet daughter
Of Bullion the banker, whose store
Of wealth, at the least, was a quarter
Of a million, and possibly more.
He would hardly have taken a fancy
To poor, hard-working, penniless me,
But his daughter and love's necromancy
Worked wonders that year by the sea.

We wandered untrammeled together
In happy communion of thought,
And little we heeded us whether
Our fondness was sanctioned or not;
And we pledged our undying devotion,
And likened our lives as we might
To a ship sailing out in the ocean,
With love for its guide and its light.

And I swore by the powers eternal
I would drain of love's cup the last drop;
And she entered the fact in her journal
That I gave her a rose at the hop.
And that very same evening she told me
She hated the rich and the great;
Then added: "Though papa should scold me,
My love shall determine my fate!"

The sea and the earth in their beauty
Round about us their harmonies blent;
And faith was a pleasure and duty,
And life was a dream of content.
She said, and she smiled on me sweetly:
"Though our troubles come early or late,
You must trust me, must trust me completely,
And love shall determine our fate!"

* * * * * * *

I had read long ago of her marriage,
Of her journey abroad, and all that,
But I saw her last week in her carriage,
And she bowed as I lifted my hat;
There never was treachery ranker
Than hers, yet I cherish no hate:
For I think it was Bullion the banker,
Not herself, who determined her fate.—M. C.

THE DARK AND THE LIGHT:

OR,

DRIFTING APART ON THE OCEAN OF LIFE.

A Story of Absorbing Interest, Thrilling Effects, and Powerful Dramatic Situations.

BY JANE MILL,

AUTHOR OF "DAN'S TREASURE," "CLYTIE CRANBOURNE," "THE GOLDEN BOWL," ETC.

CHAPTER XLII.—GONE!

Did we think of the light and sunshine,
Of the blessings left us still,
When we sit and ponder darkly
And bitterly o'er life's ill,
If we should we dispel the shadows
Of still and dark despair,
And lessen the weight of anguish
Which every heart must bear?—PHŒBE CARY.

Matters had not been going on very pleasantly at Drayton Abbey since that morning when Arthur Fish received his conge. Not the less Elizabeth regretted the step, though she was daily impressed upon her mind that she ought to do so; but a feeling of dissatisfaction and unrest, the natural consequence of the old state of things in a household being broken up, and no new order being firmly established, hung over them. Resolved, as Lady Elizabeth had been, not to talk to Lizzie about the subject of her birth, the girl's defiant pertinacity with regard to Lord Duncan had tried the elder lady's patience—never a very elastic virtue—so severely that a scene, such as had never occurred since that day when the waif from the sea was first brought to the Abbey, now took place, and the words used upon both sides were neither amiable nor temperate. Had Lady Elizabeth been wise, she would have waited, as she first intended, until her brother-in-law returned, when he would have been able to speak to the girl with authority; but temper had carried her away, and she spoke words which in calmer moments she never would have uttered—words, however, which Lizzie was not likely to either forgive or forget.

"Not your niece, not the daughter of your sister?" the girl had repeated firmly and defiantly, after the mistress of the Abbey had so far forgotten herself as to assert what she believed to be a fact. "In the case," the girl went on, her cheek kindling, eyes flashing, and her usually apathetic face lighted up with indignation, "how could you have the audacity to practice such an imposition upon the world, such a wrong upon me?"

"I practiced no imposition," retorted Lady Elizabeth, thrown into the novel position of having to defend herself. "You were brought to me as my sister's child, saved from the wreck, and, though I doubted your identity then, I was not sure until my brother repudiated you."

"Ah! and if your story were true, why was I not sent away then?"

"We kept you here until the other child should be found."

"How kind and considerate, particularly for me! Even supposing your story to be correct—which I will contest to the utmost—you receive me here as an infant a few months old, and you bring me up as a girl who is one day to be a great heiress and the representative of a noble family, and yet you say you did that knowing that it was a deception you were practicing upon the world and upon me, and you only make this infamous confession because I choose to marry a man who loves me, and whose uncle, your lover, hates me. But I defy you all! Donald has pledged me his word to make me his wife, and he would keep it though I were proved to be the daughter of a convict or a slave."

"And you will keep him to his pledge?"

"I will, though perdition were the consequence. And more than that," continued the girl passionately, "I hate and defy you all. I have been brought up here without love or sympathy or care except from paid servants; you have lavished fifty times more affection upon your lap-dog than upon the lonely girl that you told the world was your sister's child; and if I have been trained in a cold, hard school, I have profited by the instruction. I am joint mistress here, and here I will remain until I am carried away by force. I have been publicly acknowledged and received as your sister's daughter and next-of-kin, and I will legally and publicly be disproved as such before I will yield one iota of my just rights."

"You don't know what you are talking of," replied Lady Elizabeth more calmly. "I have my brother's letter, assenting to your marriage with Arthur Fish, and the settlement of five thousand pounds upon you, which I proposed. You had better reflect, recall Arthur, and take what we will give you; after your conduct today you cannot remain much longer under my roof."

"Your roof!" scoffed the girl. "It has to be proved that it is your roof more than mine."

"Beware!" returned Lady Elizabeth threateningly; "you are going too far."

"Bah!" with grand contempt. "What care I how far I go? I have not been practicing a fraud and deception upon the world. If I am an impostor and interloper, it is you who have made me so, you who must take the credit of the noble action. To me, if you have not now added another lie to the one you have lived, you can do no greater wrong; upon me you have perpetrated such a fraud that not all your wealth, which may one day be mine, can atone for; you have poisoned my rest and peace and comfort, and then you tell me I may go too far. But don't for a moment believe that I fear you; we will fight this out to the bitter end."

With which the girl walked out of the room, leaving Lady Elizabeth more crestfallen and dissatisfied with herself than she could have believed possible.

"She is right. It was a wrong to her," she said to herself when she was alone; "but I never thought of that, and how could I help it?"

But could she have seen the girl who had so recently defied her when she had reached the seclusion of her own room, even her proud heart might have felt some sympathy and compunction. Pride and defiance are all very well in the presence of an enemy; they are but weak staffs to lean upon when we find ourselves, after the battle, trembling and alone. And so poor Lizzie found.

"An outcast," she muttered almost fiercely, looking at her reflection in the glass; "the child of a servant, and with this curse of color upon me? What have I to live or hope for? If I compel Donald to marry me, and perhaps for his word's sake he will do it, what shall I bring upon him but misfortune and misery? No, life is not worth having at such a price; and if he throws me off, as perhaps he may, I shall be so crushed I shall not have in me even the courage to die."

As she thus desperately reviewed her condition her eyes rested upon a small vial, containing a powerful narcotic, a few drops of which she had used the night before for a violent toothache, and a horrible idea entered her mind—one of those sudden temptations that assail weak mortals and carry some over the precipice which divides life from death, because they have not the moral courage to meet the difficulties and troubles that seem to stand before them.

"This would solve it all," she said bitterly, taking the tiny bottle in her hand. "The changeling would be easily got rid of without any inconvenient disclosures; Donald would be free, Lady Elizabeth might hold up her head again, and I—well, I ——" with a shudder—"I should be cold, dead, food for worms, and those who heard the story would say that I was mad."

Involuntarily she put forth her hand to thrust the poison from her; then another idea occurred to her mind, and her fingers closed upon it more tightly.

"We must all die," she mused, "and what have I to live for? I never knew the fond, caressing love of mother and father, such as I see parents bestow upon their children. There is only Donald, and my death might be the greatest service I can do him. Other women have died for the men they loved, why should not I? And if this story is true, as I feel it is, I may find no other means of sparing myself and him."

She looked at the fatal liquid, took out the cork and smelt it, put it to her tongue to taste it, wondered what her sensations would be if she swallowed its contents, and whether there really was a world and life beyond the grave; and as she stood thus toying, as it were, with death, more than half tempted to "take arms against a sea of troubles, and, by opposing, end them," the soft, far-off strains of an organ or harmonicon fell upon her ear. She listened; her mind, wandering back from her own desperate condition, lingered upon the sound until it became familiar to her ears, and she recognized the words:

"Oh, rest in the Lord; wait patiently for Him,
And He shall give thee thy heart's desires."

Again they were repeated:

"Rest in the Lord."

It was a new idea to her mind. She had heard the words many times before, but they had brought no meaning to her brain, no light to her soul. Yet now they were as shadow in a land where the noonday sun was terrible, and as food and shelter to the famished and desolate. Many and many a time had she heard the same message, but it only came to her heart and nestled there at this critical moment of her life. "Rest in the Lord, wait patiently for Him," and here was she about to end the life which He had given her. This was a strange patience, surely! And then came the promise: "And He shall give thee thine heart's desire."

Little did Mrs. Fish, as she thus sang and played in her own sitting-room for her own solace, think how the words went like a heaven-bound messenger to the heart of one poor, weary, earth-worn child, and drag her back, as with invisible hands, from the gulf on the very verge of which her feet were faltering. Yet so it was. Something like a swoon came over the troubled girl. She had strength enough to let fall the poison, take a step or two and throw herself upon the bed, and collapse. Thus for hours she lay, neither awake nor asleep, conscious nor unconscious, hanging, as it were, upon the border-land which separates the real from the unreal, and sentient existence from what men call death. How long she had thus remained she never knew. It was broad daylight when she came to her room after her stormy conversation with Lady Elizabeth; it was night, and the stars were coldly and brightly shining overhead when, stiff and numbed, she slowly roused herself from the lethargy into which she had fallen, and sat up in her bed. The tumult of passion, pain, hope and fear had all passed away, and one course alone seemed open to her. It was wicked to die by her own hand; she would "rest in the Lord, wait patiently for Him," hoping, little as she might deserve it, that He would give her "her heart's desire." But she could not stay and live the life that had been of the past. If she had no right to it she would not take it, and, far greater sacrifice than this, she would not chain Donald to defy the world that he might prove his love and truth to her. He should be free, free as before she knew him. From no proud contempt, but from love and a desire to save everyone from pain who had loved and cared for her, she made her preparations for what she believed to be their happiness and welfare. Her maid knocked at the door, and after a time she opened it.

"Won't you have something to eat, miss?" was the question. "Her ladyship dined an hour ago, but I knocked and you didn't answer."

"I suppose I was asleep," was the reply. "Bring me anything, but first light the candles."

An order which the girl obeyed, but in crossing the room she trod upon a small bottle, crushing it and letting its contents go to stain the light carpet. There could be no further temptation to end her life for Lizzie to-night, for the poison was gone. A few minutes later, when the girl appeared with a tray, she noticed that the young mistress had a strange look upon her face—a tearless, stony expression, such as one sees upon the wanlike face of a statue, the sculptor of which had not genius enough to infuse into it a look of life. She could not define the expression, however, and she made no comment about it. Miss Elizabeth was not one about whom the servants might gossip with impunity, and thus she waited upon her young lady, saw her comfortably in bed, took her orders for the morning, and closed the door behind her. True, her quick ear did catch, as she believed, the sound of the slipping of a bolt or lock, but she could frame no excuse for returning; and, even if she did, she would probably be ordered away, since her mistress sometimes took strange fits about locking herself in. Thus she went to bed, rose in the morning as usual, and in due time went to the young lady's room to carry her an early cup of tea and inquire when she would take her bath. No answer. And, after a few minutes, she went down again, returning, however, in good time to dress Miss Elizabeth for breakfast. Again the unsatisfactory result of no answer. Still, nobody was alarmed. Probably it was a fit of ill-temper that would wear off after a time, and so the day rolled on until luncheon-time came, and then all else failing, Lady Elizabeth went to the door and demanded admission. No reply! Something must be the matter. Everybody now was seriously alarmed, and at last the door was forced. Too late, however. The bird had flown. But two notes, both of them sealed, lay on the dressing-table. One was addressed to Mrs. Hood, the housekeeper; the second to Lord Duncan. There could be no doubt of it when the first of these was opened: the heiress of the Draytons had run away!

CHAPTER XLIII.—LADY ELIZABETH'S DESPAIR.

Talk not of comfort—'tis for lighter ills;
I will indulge my sorrows and give way
To all the pangs of fury and despair.—ADDISON.

When Lady Elizabeth Fitz-Howard realized that the girl whose presence at the Abbey she had just tolerated of late had positively gone away, leaving voluntarily what she had threatened so violently to fight for, she began to regret her own heat of temper, and to tremble for the safety of the creature upon whom she had expended it. Her first impression was that Lizzie had run away with Lord Duncan; but that could scarcely be, unless the letter left for him was simply a blind. The girl must be found, however; that was the first step. Though not necessarily brought back, she must not be thrown helpless and alone upon the world; the honor of the Fitz-Howards demanded that much; and Lord Duncan must also be well looked after, and, if possible, prevented from complicating matters still further. Very nice to say a thing must be, but not quite so easy at all times to compel that must. Lady Elizabeth found this in the present case. She telegraphed to Major Grant and Lord Duncan, both of whom were in London, and sent people to make inquiries in every direction; and yet the day wore on, and night set in without even a clue to the missing girl's whereabouts being discovered. It had been pretty generally known of late in the Abbey and its immediate neighborhood that the two ladies, aunt and niece, had not been getting on very well together; also, that a stormy scene had occurred between them the day before Miss Elizabeth's disappearance; and as things become exaggerated the more they are commented upon—Lady Elizabeth was soon set down as a tyrannical monster, and her niece as an ill-used, helpless and motherless girl. Unconscious of the opinion thus gaining ground about her, the mistress of Drayton Abbey was quite miserable enough at the condition of things which her own temper and impatience had brought about.

What had become of the child—for she was little more—beautiful, unprotected, knowing nothing of the world into which she had drifted away? The proud, hard woman shuddered as she asked herself the question, and realized now, though she had never admitted it before, that, whether the child brought from the wreck of the Lurline was her niece or not, deep down in her heart she loved her. It would have been strange if it had not been so, but it came upon Lady Elizabeth now as a new discovery, only to intensify her misery and distress. She had thought it was compassion, forbearance and pity she had extended towards the undemonstrative child whose infancy and youth had been as solitary as her own matured womanhood; but now, when it was too late, she recognized that it was a more selfish feeling—for love is ever selfish—and, worse than all, that she had repulsed and driven off to other channels the childish affection that once would have flowed out as freely and spontaneously towards herself.

"Too late," she muttered bitterly; "my life has been a mistake, a blunder, from beginning to end. Why try now to repair it? Evidently Malcolm Grant thinks so, or he would have answered my telegram by wire or in person before now."

Thus she paced about the rooms aimlessly, refusing food, refusing to be comforted, asking breathlessly for news, until it was eleven o'clock at night, past their usual time for retiring to rest, when the sound of carriage-wheels coming up from the lodge announced the arrival of some new element upon the scene. But Lady Elizabeth's heart sank within her when she heard that it was Lord Duncan, and that he had come alone.

"Give him the letter, Hood," she said to the housekeeper, whose red eyes showed that she had been weeping most of the day; "and when he has read it," she went on, "if he wishes to see me, bring him here."

Not many minutes later the young Scotchman, his usually pale face flushed, his light-blue eyes aflame with passion, and his thick, straw-colored hair pushed wildly back from his forehead, came into the room holding an open letter in his hand, and exclaimed, with scarcely repressed vehemence:

"Lady Elizabeth, what is the meaning of this? What have you done with my promised wife?"

But the mistress of Drayton was past resenting any fault of manner or want of deference, and she asked anxiously enough:

"Does not the letter give you some clue? Surely, she has not run away from you also?"

"Run away! Been driven away, you mean," replied the young man furiously. "What infamous tales have been told her to make her say she goes away to save and spare me?—that she will not bring a blight upon my life, when heaven knows my life will be dark and blank enough if I have not my darling to share it with me? What plot and conspiracy is this that has been hatching, Lady Elizabeth? I have a right to know."

"I don't think you have a right to speak to me in this tone," replied the lady with some dignity. "I am as deeply grieved as you are—more so, perhaps, because I cannot but feel I might have shown more patience and consideration for the willfulness of such a child. But, instead of quarreling and saying unkind things to each other, cannot you and I devise some means to find and bring her back?"

"What can we do? What made her go? She gives me no reason beyond that she goes away to save me, because she loves me and will not bring disgrace upon my name or misery into my life; but all this says nothing, except that someone has poisoned her mind; it gives no real clue as to why she has gone away or where she is gone."

"I may be able to supply the former," said the lady, with unusual meekness; "but you must have patience with me, and remember that I also had great provocation."

Mutely asserting by taking a seat, she waved her hand towards the young man prepared to listen, while Lady Elizabeth, as impartially as she could, repeated the substance of the quarrel which had taken place between her reputed niece and herself.

"And is what you said true?" demanded Lord Duncan when she paused. "Is she not your sister's child?"

"I believe she is not. My late sister's husband believes she is not his daughter, and that is what has kept him so long from England."

"But you have no absolute proof?"

"No; if we had you would not have met her here."

"THE DARK AND THE LIGHT."—"Not your niece, not the daughter of your sister?" the girl repeated firmly. "If that is the case, how could you have the audacity to practice such an imposition upon the world, such a wrong upon me?"

"In that case your conduct is unjustifiable," returned the young man, with heat.

"You may think so, but we have been expecting proof, looking and hoping for it; and, with the moral conviction on the subject that my brother-in-law and I have, it would have been a great wrong to you to allow her to marry you, believing, as you both would, that she was our heiress."

"Don't include me in your scruples," bitterly. "Had you considered me, you would have consulted me, not have driven the girl I love better than the whole world to wander Heaven knows where; it is too much to assume that I could be the cause of it."

"But you would not have married her when once convinced that she is not of our race or blood, and has through an accident been brought completely out of the sphere in which she was born."

"I would, and will if I ever find her," defiantly. "I wish to express no opinion upon your conduct, Lady Elizabeth," he added with dignity; "but poor Lizzie might have found more love and sympathy in a less exalted position; and I, wherever I had met her, as the daughter of a king or of a peasant, could not have loved and admired her more than I do now."

Lady Elizabeth bowed her head in self-humiliation, but when she lifted it again a few seconds after she was alone; Lord Duncan had gone from her presence, never willingly to return to it.

The next morning Major Grant came to the Abbey, full of apologies for not appearing before; but he had not been to his lodgings till late at night, and then no train could be got to enable him earlier to obey the summons. In fact, Major Grant, like many other people, had met with disappointment. Mr. Gorlidge had gone, requesting to see him on this very day that Lizzie had been found missing. The private detective had something to show the major, and accordingly he went. Not a great deal, still a clue. Major Grant recognized the portraits of Mabel and Loo at once. But when Mr. Gorlidge volunteered to introduce him to the original of the portraits he found he had reckoned without his host. For the house at Notting Hill Gate was closed; and when, after many feints and failures, the detective succeeded in getting hold of Mary, the parlor-maid, it was only to learn that her two ladies had gone into the country, but had left no address, their letters being all sent to Mrs. Dorset, Grove House, Kensington. Disappointing, certainly, but by this time the detective had been used to the reverse of immediate success, and, undismayed, he promised soon to set this trifling obstacle over. Hence, after wasting the whole day on which Lady Elizabeth was so anxiously expecting him, Major Grant started for the Abbey the next morning, hoping he might still be in time to be useful. Plenty of room for hope, for not a single clue to Lizzie's whereabouts had as yet been discovered. When he had heard the whole facts of the case, however, the major rubbed his head, pulled his nose, straightened out his whiskers, and said:

"I think I see my way clear, my dear; don't bother yourself any more about the girl. I will undertake to find her; and as for Donald, he is nothing but a hot-headed boy. I'll find her in a day or two; don't trouble about the girl. I know a man who will manage it all. But you must excuse me; I will return to town this afternoon. In a few days, my love, in a few days, this unpleasant matter will have passed away. Trust in me; I will put it all right."

All of which was reassuring enough for the moment, but Lady Elizabeth little thought that the wonderful man to be consulted was Mr. George Gorlidge. Yet so it was. And thus the private detective was at last commissioned to search for both of the children who had been saved from the wreck of the Lurline.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Wood on Whist.

Dr. J. B. Wood, the president of the New York Whist Club, has prepared the following rules and hints on whist, which are calculated to make the game enjoyable and at the same time benefit beginners:

1. It is generally considered wisdom to select a partner who can play—third hand—above an eight spot. Those who insist on playing small cards are no kind of men to play with.

2. If you see that your partner is about to grumble at your play, commence to abuse him at once.

3. Invariably grumble at your hand as soon as dealt. Intimate that you have in your time seen many hands, but that you never remember having held such a hand as that before. This deceives everybody; and if you should make the odd trick, why "science" alone did it.

4. If you have six trumps with the four honors and another long suit, and have "two to go," inquire how many tricks are needed to win, and then—think. This prevents your antagonists saying "Anybody could win with such cards."

5. At the conclusion of each hand seize the cards and begin to shuffle. It often happens that nobody knows whose deal it is, and in this way you may get an extra deal about once in five. This helps.

6. If a player makes a misdeal, mix up the cards and declare you had seven trumps and three aces. Then, if you lose, continue to deplore the misdeal.

7. Occasionally look towards the left. If you should happen to see a king sticking out of one corner of your opponent's hand, why, don't accuse with a knave. Persevering players with good eyesight can help their game considerably in this way.

8. Never "revoke" if you can possibly avoid it.

9. If you win, compliment your antagonist an intimate that "they play a pretty nice game," but ——

10. If anybody disputes your ruling on any point in the game, say "That very point was decided in THE CLIPPER last week," and that a man you know won a hundred dollars by holding that way.

Carry these instructions into practice, and you will derive considerable enjoyment, and the game will be exceedingly quiet.

METAMORPHOSIS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY CALEBIUS.

He was a little, humpbacked man,
With snake-like eyes, and beard quite frowsy,
Complexion sort o' brown and tan,
And intellect quite dull and drowsy;
I scorned him when the word he popped,
And told him ne'er again to mention
Such stuff to me—a while he stopped
Ere he again spoke his intention.

Meanwhile I had dear Arthur won—
A young and very dashing fellow,
Who was the very soul of fun,
And full of love quite ripe and mellow;
He offered me his hand and heart,
He vowed his love should e'er be steady,
And said that we should never part—
To marry me he was all ready.

The day was fixed; my wedding-dress
Was made, and I prepared to wear it;
My heart was filled with happiness,
And with him I was glad to share it;
The cards were printed, sent by post—
The bridesmaids and the grooms selected;
In fact, it was my secret boast
That not one thing had been neglected.

The night before the happy day
The door-bell rang, and quickly entered
The little humpbacked man. "Oh, say,
Dear one, on whom my love is centred,
That you'll be mine. I've fallen heir
To half a million. My grandmother
Has died, and done the thing that's square—
She's left all to me and my brother."

I bade him rise, for he had knelt
To tell his tale, so strong, so tender;
Before that hour I ne'er had felt
Such queer regard for t'other gender.
Somehow he metamorphosed was—
Are changed in every look and feature—
The effect of some most potent cause,
Which made him seem a lovely creature.

His hump became a graceful curve,
His snake-like eye an eye of hazel,
Indicative of splendid nerve,
And brainy power to amaze all;
His brown-and-tan complexion seemed
A saffron tint—no longer sombre—
The hue of which we've often dreamed
Adorning cheek of manly beauty.

My marriage with my *fiance*—
The wedding that I had prepared for—
I broke off; said it could not be;
That I no longer Arthur cared for;
That I had had a change of heart—
A wondrous change—at the last minute,
And I was going to play my part
For there were, maybe, millions in it.

I married my half-millionaire,
And he whom I had disappointed
Took to his cups to drown despair,
And morally became disjointed;
He gave up business, went to smash,
His life was one continued tipple,
And all because he thought me rash
In lilting him to wed a cripple.

But what care I? I've won the game;
No more I call for sarsaparilla;
With Arthur, for I've conquered fame
And sip wine in my Newport villa.
Sometimes I think of him, but then—
Well, let that pass—'tis silly passion;
I've captured one of fortune's men,
And I'm the reigning Queen of Fashion.

THE SUICIDES.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY MRS. A. ELMORE.

Once more, with weariness, we had completed the periodical moving that clergymen's families are subjected to, regretting the friendships that must be broken off—dreading the forming of new ones. No one except the itinerating clergyman can know the importance of being an adept in the art of reading faces, that he and his family may guard against disastrous acquaintances in a new charge. The first to come forward with the offer of valuable services are the newsmongers and gossips, who volunteer the information comprised of the family history, personal faults and shortcomings of every separate individual in the community. Holding this advance-guard at a "respectful distance," and selecting from the names of those most heartily abused such associates as you will, friendships may be established that rarely prove perilous.

The parsonage was a very neat white cottage anchored on a side-hill. Clean and sweet with newly-papered walls and fresh paint (quite a novelty to us after the fearful cleanings to which we had been accustomed to subject new homes before they were habitable), it did not require a very long time to do the settling and be prepared for the inevitable Miss Spices, who came first. Mrs. Busybody, who followed closely, and Mr. Seefaults, who wanted a general renovation of all church matters and people except himself, although it was rumored that in a fit of religious fervor he had kissed Miss Spices, being discovered by Mrs. Busybody, and, receiving another religious impulse, had measured the fat lady's capacious waist, and left the impress of his lips on her always perspiring face, thereby securing peace. We were prepared for the ordeal, but as yet were free to indulge in the ecstacy and compliment that the new house inspired, by far the best and prettiest that had ever fallen to our lot.

From the front extended a square, plain portico, terminating in a high stoop, the last step almost reaching the street.

A flower-garden, gorgeous with July blossoming, stretched out on one hand to the shrubbery that was suggestive of "berries and cream" on the other, to the well and hennery, which last was a new possession to us. Visions of little chicks and real fresh eggs filled the minds of the little folks until the information was added that we should also have a cow, and might roll on the grass as often as we pleased, and no harm would result. From the portico a beautiful valley landscape spread out, studded by orchard and farm-house. The foot of a lofty hill sloped down into the valley, with a presumptuous air quite in contrast with the sister-hills, that willingly made room for brook and carriage-way.

A road wound up over this Mount Lofty—passing the limekilns, with their ceaseless fires, that gave to the night a weird look—on to the mouth of the coal-pit; then, making an indignant protest against the grimy platform and dusty cars, it turned abruptly, and, creeping close to the white fence, left a steep declivity at a barely safe distance, and gained the summit of the hill, where a costly mansion, with its outhouses, trees and garden in complaisant grandeur commanded admiring glances or envious comments. It could be seen for miles around when the morning sun with silvery tints pointed out the crystal window; at noonday, when he looked straight down upon the abundance of wealth; or when evening drew nigh and he reluctantly withdrew, clutching at the gold-gilt glass until time forced him, blinking, down, down out of sight, leaving his favorite to the care of night and darkness until he caught again a glimpse of the fair proportions as he came heralded by rosy light from beyond the eastern hills.

Another road wound around the foot of the hill, passing a lonely, dilapidated, low-built frame-house, that had never been treated to a coat of paint, and now, gray and weather-beaten, appeared to have been recently covered with felt; the small, old-fashioned windows, the low-covered porch, the gnarled trees, that still tried to hold up their almost leafless branches with some degree of dignity; and the old well-sweep, with head thrown aloft until forced with many a creaking protest to lift from the mossy well a brimming bucket of the clear, cold water, that tempted many a traveler to halt and try his skill with the slippery pole, long since worn smooth by busy hands, some of which had ceased from labor and been folded in the calm of death. A little to the rear of the house was an old, rambling barn, tenanted by hosts of swallows and pigeons, that flew in and out of the always-open door unmolested, making altogether a picturesque setting in the deep green of the valley-pastures, where a clear, deep brook went singing along, with here and there a shadowing tree on the bank, under which sleepy-eyed cows or a group of pretty lambs panted and bleated.

It was delightful after the smoke and dust and brick walls of the city—yet we were within sight of the eternal smoke that hovered over Pittsburg.

Within call passed the daily stage on the road leading to a famed theological college. Crowning the hill that sloped on up above the chimneys of our home, guiltless of any worldly adornment in the way of curtains to the great, staring windows, stood the little brick church where father ministered to a slim but devout congregation. Embowered in trees, from the leafy shades of which I could catch glimpses of marble marking the resting-place of the dead, was the finer place of worship of an aristocratic sister denomination. It was a beautiful scene; and, as I rocked quietly, a feeling of sincere thankfulness and peace rested on my heart. I sat on the portico an amused listener to the miraculous stories repeated by a little brother—stories with which a newly-found boy-friend had been entertaining him concerning the space beneath the portico, which was tightly boarded up, but was popularly reported to be a station on the underground railway, where many a fugitive had hidden securely while his pursuers cursed their bad luck within his hearing. There was a marvelous secret spring somewhere about the solid-looking boards, that the touch of a fugitive's finger and some magical words would cause to fly back and give instant ingress to the safe retreat.

With his curls pillowed on his locked hands, lying at my feet, his matchless blue eyes—long since closed to earth—looking up to mine with wonder and admiration mirrored in their depths he earnestly rehearsed the stories he had just listened to, while sitting astride the fence and whittling industriously with a dull knife the fuzzy, weather-beaten boards, and then subsiding into a confidential talk about his great plans for the future, that were never to be realized.

"The baby" nestled in my arms, and crooned a request for a hymn that should aid his sleepy eyes to hide under the dainty curtains that drooped over them and then drew back so tantalizingly. I did not realize what a powerful voice I possessed, and, without fear, in answer to baby's croaking hum, I sang one of those old, sweet hymns that permit the full scope of the voice to be employed. It swept down through the valley, crept up the hill to the lofty mountain, and hailed the passengers of the evening coach—students returning from midsummer holidays to delve anew into the mysteries of science and the classics in the grim old college, and indulge in sly love-making at church when the spectacled professors thought only devotion of the most orthodox character pervaded their souls. How very fortunate it was that I did not chance to sing "Nellie Gray," which was surreptitiously indulged in when the dominie and his staid wife were saying prayers and drinking tea among the members. Clergymen's daughters were supposed to sing anything but church-music, or to know any owners of good bass voices so lost to a sense of dignity as to teach them such frivolous songs, while straying under the stars when they were supposed to be dreaming in the arms of the old maid who volunteered "protection." I was happy as sixteen-year-old girls are apt to be when the pangs of jealousy have not marred the brightness of their horizon, and the conscience is quite clear of anything to bring the blush of shame to the cheek, even under the keen scrutiny of parental eyes.

As I sat singing and rocking, with eyes directed down the valley, the old, rickety barn, devoid of any sign of thrifty cattle, attracted my attention with a kind of fascination. In front of the open door dangled a grayish white object that had not been there a short time before. Looking more closely, I saw that the pigeons were flying about in a frightened manner. The long figure seemed to grow longer, and there was a flutter as of hands flung out wildly.

"Mother," I cried, "there is a woman hanging in that old barn."

Baby was dumped unceremoniously into his cradle, and, not pleased at the sudden interruption of his enjoyment, set up a howl; my hair, in insulted babyhood as I flew down the steps, through the gate, over the dusty road, and, climbing the fence, crossed the pasture very swiftly. One advantage resulting from being an incorrigible tomboy was that I could run a long distance. Tearing off my white apron, I waved it as I ran, shouting "Help! help!" Fortunately, my hair had drawn to the doors and windows many persons, who came now with hurrying feet to learn the cause of such peremptory summons.

The rapid running and the jumping of the brook had nearly exhausted me, and, when I saw that others were in view of the horrid spectacle, I stepped more slowly, my gaze riveted by a sight never to be forgotten—the long, thin ankles protruding from the dress, one hand clutching at the fatal noose as though repentant when too late, the blackened tongue forced out from the almost toothless mouth, the eyes staring, and a little gray hair perceptible in the hands that hung by her side. Strong hands received and laid her gently down as the first man on the scene, clambering up, cut the rope; but help had come too late. Life was quite extinct. Soon after all efforts of resuscitation had failed, a strong, manly boy of eighteen came into the barn-yard, and, overcome at a glance by the fearful tragedy, knelt at her side, weeping bitterly, and calling in vain for some response. Her history was a sad one.

A neat, industrious, good girl, not pretty, but interesting. When in her seventeenth year, her love was won by Ernest Tallman, a young farmer of fine appearance, and considered a very desirable match. While making the necessary preparation for their wedding, which would take place in a few months, Ella went carroling about the house with a light and merry heart. She was an orphan, and maid-of-all-work for a well-to-do farmer whose wife cared more for her housekeeping than for anything else, and she gave Ella no counsel beyond what belonged to the details of baking, cleaning and preserving. Her love grew deeper every day for the broad-shouldered fellow "who was all the world to her." At length she proved the sorrow of "loving not wisely, but too well." Ernest, like any other true-hearted, noble man (?), with an eye to the future left the girl he had ruined and sought a "virtuous wife." He, so pure and so true (?), could not have a stain rest on the children that would one day call him "Father."

Happily, sometimes Cupid takes revenge for his slighted love-rite, and the husband is as badly deceived. Willie Lawrence was the son of his mother's shame, but a boy to be proud of intellectually, morally, physically; rather melancholy at times, bearing in his young life the shadow of the brooding sorrow that had rested on his mother's heart, when she looked and hoped and prayed for the return of her lover, who did not come.

Ella had made for herself and child a home in the old farm-house where her mother was born and married, and where she died, leaving Ella a helpless, wailing infant, where Willie had first opened his eyes when all the world turned against her, and she sought an asylum in the low-roofed, old-fashioned house. Nearly nineteen years of lonely life, which even the love of her child could not satisfy, had passed, while she grew more plain every year, because there was no magical pencil of love to touch cheek and lip into beauty. There was no gladness in her heart to brim over in youth-creating smiles—no bright hopes and plans to keep the step elastic and the form erect. Even her love for her boy was a melancholy sort of pitying care, never the joyous, exuberant love that belongs to young motherhood.

Willie's love for his mother was a blind idolatry that made her seem beautiful in his eyes. The burden of life had become too heavy, and she had cast it off, so unexpectedly to all, ending the tragedy with "a leap in the dark," urged on by the relentless unrest that tortured her until it had reached the limit of endurance on that bright, beautiful day.

When kind hands had prepared her for the grave, the woman who assisted Willie to close up the old house before he went to live with her found a little rose-scented packet of carefully preserved letters and keepsakes, that had come to her in the days when she loved and was loved in return. A torn letter had lain unconsumed on the hearth when she was brought in from the barn. Willie gathered up the fragments and read:

VALLEY POST-OFFICE, Penn., July 30, 18—.

DEAR MARY.—I take my pen to tell you I am well as common, so is Willie, and we hope you are the same. You will be surprised that Ernest has been here to-day; he came when Willie was out at work. I knew him instantly; he would not know me any place else. He wanted to see Willie, and I was glad he could not. He offered me some money to send Willie to school. He is a rich man now. I could not take his money until I told Willie all. It would be hard to do; I was so scared and excited. I believe he loves me now better than he does his wife. He is not happy; he says he wants to see Willie prosperous, but I hope he may never meet him. I am almost wild, and when that he had not come. My head whirls so I can scarcely endure it. He might have left me to end my days in peace, after so long.

There the letter intended for her foster-sister ended, the pen was thrown on the floor, the ink left open, and she had gone to her death with a sudden impulse, leaving the smoke-darkened kitchen and the smoldering embers, where usually burned a cheerful blaze when it was time for Willie to come home.

Who shall say whether the tried, warped soul found greater gloom or brighter sunshine?

* * * * * * *

A beautiful farm lay outspread on the banks of the Ohio—the orchards laden with fruit that promised a bounteous harvest, the barns filled with goodly store, and fields of waving grain moved their amber and golden wealth in the sun, while the corn-fields rustled with the tassel and silk that made fair promises for the Autumn; a pretty farm-house, that did not ape some costly city mansion, but seemed what it was—a cosy, comfortable, roomy house, with a tasteful accompaniment of sward and shrubbery. Altogether, a picture to be hung in the gallery of art, where no eye but that of the owner could ever view it. Broods of all domestic fowls cackled and quacked and gabbled at each other in conscious superiority of condition over neighboring fowls not so handsomely housed or liberally provisioned.

A fierce-looking dog was lying by the open front door on the wide porch, lifting his head uneasily at times to listen to the unusual sounds within the house. Suddenly he raised his massive form, and by a long, mournful howl filled the air with dismal forebodings. As answer there came a low muttering of thunder from a black cloud that was rapidly approaching from the west. Presently it poured its contents on the farm-house with furious haste, drenching the travelers that drove up to the gate and met as anxiously expected guests—evidently a clergyman and a physician peremptorily summoned. Once more that long, mournful howl rang out, and the dog turned away and crept into his kennel. His master was dead—an old bachelor, rich, kind, noble—dead, an almost tragic ending of a useful, busy life. So swiftly, so painlessly, had the work been done that no household prayer and servants stood in mute surprise, while the clergyman offered a brief and touching prayer.

The storm beat pitilessly against the window, now filling the room with a glare of vivid light, to be chased away in an instant by an awsome gloom. The beautiful home must go into strange hands, that nephews and nieces who mourn or rejoice, according to the degree of selfishness they possess, may have equal share in the value.

A few days after the death of the proud and happy owner a broad-shouldered, white-haired man and a little, wiry, sharp-faced woman came, and, looking over house and barn, field and stock, paid the price in shining gold, and returned to bring their household idols to this their new temple. Two slender, pretty girls, and a son younger than they, comprised the family. Only a few days elapsed after their coming when the neighbors averred that the lady of the house was a terrible scold, and the husband was not even his own master, much less the master of the house. Loudly she objected to the surroundings, although her consent to the removal was readily obtained. She was a chronic fault-finder, and her sarcastic tongue had closed all doors to her where she had formerly resided.

The husband, mounting his splendid saddle-horse, rode away early one morning without making known to the lady of the manor his destination, well knowing that his failure to show her that mark of respect would cause him to be the victim of an extra

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JULY 13, 1878.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No Answers by Mail or Telegraph.

G. E. J., Louisville.—"There is a man on third base and one at the bat; the man at the bat strikes and misses the ball; the catcher fails to hold ball, and it strikes the umpire, who is standing behind the catcher. In the meantime the runner comes home, the catcher gets the ball and touches the base-runner before he crosses the home plate. Is he out or is it a passed ball? There were no ground rules made before the game, and there was a fence behind the catcher. The ball having "passed" the catcher—that is, missed by him—could not be made dead by striking the umpire; consequently, the runner was legally put out. The rule should make every ball hitting the umpire and bounding back, or being stopped, dead.

TEACHER.—Here and there a lady is employed, but it is for indoor work especially fit for that sex. There has been but one exception, to our knowledge, and that remarkable woman has always commanded special facilities for cattle-market reporting. 2. A good school-teacher in the city commands much the better salary, year in and year out. 3. There is no position for which there are not far more applicants than can be accommodated. 4. The Almighty intended woman to make home happy by her presence, and that is why she cannot sow wood or reap shingles and be half as well a man. 5. Contrary to fact we do not think that either Morris or Plaisted is.

ESQUIRE, Dorchester.—1. Two could not play baseball; there is a base-runner on second and one on third; the one on third has left it on the base, and the one on second steals to third and puts his foot on it. Who is entitled to the base? 2. A runner on second and one on third, both playing wide; the runner on second steals to third; the runner on third *not being on* his base. Who is entitled to the base and is the runner on third forced?"

.....The runner on third was entitled to the base in both cases. The runner on second had not gone off the base, and the runner on third unless he himself was forced off by the action of the striker.

G. E. P., Chicago.—The peculiar wording of the bet rendered at least a start for a second heat indispensable. The starting of one horse would have sufficed. Ten Broeck having distanced McCarthy in the first heat, neither started for the second; there was consequently no action on the bet, and it is void, unless there is a special rule of the Louisville Jockey Club to the contrary. As to that we cannot now speak. It would have been different if the bet had been that the horse winning the first heat would also win the race.

INQUIRY, Baltimore.—1. You should write to the owner, unless your friend is wagering on the indisputable fact that a horse that was thirty-two months old in April last was three years old on the 1st of January last, as the ages of horses are computed for turf purposes. 2. Neither is right as to the ground it takes to lay out a mile track properly; and as to your twenty-four-foot track, it is merely a question of figures, and can be solved by a thousand people in your neighborhood. We have no time for mathematician propositions.

EDGAR CARY, Richfield Springs.—1. Cannot say whether Bogardus broke 300 glass balls in 25 minutes at Columbus, O.; but he probably did, as he gave exhibitions at that place on that and several other days, among other things, to break 300 balls in 30 minutes, and usually doing it in from 20 to 24 minutes. At Providence he broke 300 in 19min. Based on these performances we do not think Carver's challenge, and it is not probable that he did—certainly not in England.

J. M. G., Negaunee.—They are probably worth nothing more than their face. It is a great mistake people make in supposing that coins derive material added value from age. It is the scarcity they owe it—that is, in some years very few pieces of a certain denomination were coined. Address Scott & Co., Fulton street, this city, for one of their catalogues.

C. J. H., Wheeling.—James Renforth was the champion sculler of England when Walter Brown rowed William Sadler on the Tyne, in 1869. Brown had been matched for £50 a-side, but was only compelled to forfeit the entire stake on account of being badly afflicted with boils, and Sadler declining to accept £25 and postpone the day.

F. N. O'N., Toledo.—Creoles are not necessarily natives of Louisiana, nor need they be of mixed blood. The word has no longer a well defined meaning, and there are different kinds of creoles, among them the French creoles of Louisiana. Originally they were natives only of the West Indies or of Spanish America, descended from European ancestors.

MESSRS.—There were no prizes given at the Boston Peace Jubilee to either the foreign or home bands contesting. A medal was struck and presented to each member of the visiting bands, and was entirely a complimentary token. This has led to the many errors in regard to prizes.

I. C. M., Quebec.—1. Jenny Franklin, who shot Mlle. Volante, was discharged by reason of the Coroner's jury finding in a verdict of accidental shooting. 2. Song and dance, clog and jig dancers cannot command any salary until they have made a successful appearance in public. Then their salaries vary from $20 to $40 per week.

C. M.—1. Pistols were purposely omitted from the statute in this State as to concealed weapons. During the past few months, however, the pistol has been covered. In this city by a local ordinance, or rather street-bureau regulation. 2. As the street-bureau is now also the police department, the latter grants permits for pistol-carrying.

T. W., Chelsea.—At the ball game a player who is "frozen" can play on the ball to which his own is fast, by first playing away from it. That is, he is not compelled to hit another ball first. He can hit a cushion first, or need not even hit a cushion if he chooses to make a base.

NO SIGNATURE, Toledo.—We do not care to decide this. In the first place, the language is vague. If the height of waves is meant, authorities differ as to that point. Then again, there are unusual waves caused by unusual disturbances, which latter may not have been contemplated by either bettor.

J. EDWARDS, Baldwin.—*The Rowing Almanac* (English) gives the length of the course from Putney Aqueduct to Mortlake, on the Thames, as 4 miles and 3 furlongs. Best time, 20min. 9sec., by Taylor, Hanlan 50s. from the Star and Garter, Putney, to Mortlake, in 23m. 2s.

M. J. C., Cambridge.—Edward Trickett never rowed against John Higgins. The only race in which Trickett has appeared outside of Australia was the one at Putney in which he defeated Joseph Sadler, then champion of England, on the Thames course.

READER, Black Hawk.—1. Adah Isaacs Menken made her debut on the stage when a child, as a dancer, at the French Opera-house, New Orleans, La. 2. She died in Paris, France, Aug. 11, 1868. 3. She was married to the party named.

BUSINESS.—1. They have a local stock company in Salt Lake City, Utah. 2. Probably not. 3. Tryon and Stinson are to manage the Howard Athenæum, Boston, Mass., for Isaac B. Rich. 4. There will probably be no stock company engaged for Galveston, Texas, next season.

AMUSEMENT.—All dramatic performances, amateur or otherwise, for which admission is obtained by paying money, must be licensed. If the performances are free, no license is needed, and you can put up all the scenery you see fit. The license-fee is $500 per year, or $250 for six months.

A. B., Eastville.—Your best plan to procure a play suitable for a military company to perform in would be to advertise for one. Many such have been placed before the public; but we have not the address of their authors or owners.

J. T. J.—His name is Wilson, not *Nilson*. 1. Manager of a theatrical company. 2. We know nothing of his responsibility. 3. He has been in management of traveling companies for the past twenty-five years. 4, 5. We prefer not to give advice upon such matters.

J. L., Holyoke.—The first game having been mutually drawn, in order that both clubs might catch a train, the left in did not have sufficient material to begin the second game. Less than five innings having been played in that, however, it was no game.

W. K.—The ball having been begun on the date fixed, could not justly be suspended and resumed on another day. The chances of the two parties who were alleged to have been absent should have been thrown that Saturday night by the proprietors of the ball.

SYRACUSE.—If B bet that the Indianapolis would win, it is a draw. If, however, he merely took the negative of A's proposition, the latter loses, assuming that the game was not discontinued during the 9th inning.

A. N., St. Louis.—1. The Chapman Sisters have played in variety theatres. 2. Blanche Chapman first appeared on the stage as Eva in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in 1854, in Wood's Theatre, Cincinnati, O.

G. H., Cleveland.—Not out; it was a fair ball, as it did not "roll" to fair ground. 2. Two—Douglas and Arthur. 3. Because there is no other like him of the same name and skill.

STAKEHOLDER, Stillwater.—There are six clubs; each club played twelve games with every other club; and their total number of games is 180, as playing once around makes 15 games.

I. C. I., Port Colbourne.—The judges' decision must be accepted. Handicapping of the bay lost, unless the judges chose to afford them relief.

C. D., North Cambridge.—The poem—"Only an Emigrant"—was published in THE CLIPPER dated April 19, 1873. It cannot send you a copy of that paper.

LYLE.—J. W. Collier keeps the place referred to. He used to act with Maggie Mitchell in "Fanchon." He is a widower. E. K. Collier is his nephew.

C. Mine, Co., Colorado.—We do not do an agency business. Being unknown here, you would find it difficult to get a position in this city.

T. A., Philadelphia.—The most a player can call at three-handed pinochle is "130 trumps." He cannot call that number doing with 40.

THOS. R. LORD, Boston.—You cannot do better than obtain Ed. James' work, entitled "Practical Training," as per address in advertisement.

G. P., Fort Hall.—1. Prof. Dare the high-rope walker is not dead; neither is he now husband of Leona Dare. 2. Your subscription expires with No. 19, vol. 26.

R. J., Syracuse.—1. It is not possible for us now to state definitely. 2 Of S. French & Son, publishers, this city, or fifteen cents a copy.

NED MORRIS, Geneva.—1. Ninety cents for each insertion. 2. You can purchase them of Shannon, Miller & Crane, who advertise.

"CY" OF THE NEW ORLEANS.—We do not do an agency business. Send copies of your farce, naming price, to the various minstrel managers.

A. S., Boston.—There is no such game as "forty-fives" at dice. When parties agree to shake dice and call it "forty-fives," they must also agree how to play it.

G. T. AND P., Jersey City.—Write again. You have stated that in the second round "G throws 8, T throws 10, and G (*sic*) throws 15." If G threw 15, he is out of it.

G. A. G., Chicago.—As we understand your statement, there is no bet on Cincinnati, that club not having played one Indianapolis, as contemplated.

A SINGER, Boston.—Lemon juice is good for the voice, or take a tablespoonful of that juice and beat up with it a fresh egg.

J. T. J., Jr., Huntsville.—1. Mollie McCarthy stands about 15½. 2. Ten Broeck is about 16¼, although his short legs make him look much lower at a distance.

R. H. K., Westfield.—The International Association rules govern all matches played except those of the six League clubs.

R. K., CA VO., St. Louis.—The book agent and the ticket-agent were right, according to the strict practice in sporting.

E. R.—Maud Branscombe, who has been so extensively photographed, is now traveling with Pauline Markham's company.

FOND DU LAC.—A wins. If B meant that the plank was not exactly one foot wide, he was bound to so express himself clearly.

SCOTT, S., Eufaula.—St. Louis should have the larger population. As, however, the bet, as stated, calls for the population "at the present day," it cannot be decided.

ARDARAN, Jackson.—After the draw the "ages" can either part at once or pass so as to come in after all the others have had their say. A wins.

E. K. B.—1. We do not know his birthplace, but can find out if the matter is of importance. 2. Address the town clerk of that place, or the clerk of the county.

JOHNNY V.—There is no record kept of quarter-mile time, and Lexington was not a quarter-mile nag.

O. G., Ocean.—Circuses do not nowadays divide their companies for the purpose of playing in small towns.

HORSESHEADS.—Jimmy Hamill defeated Josh Ward in four races out of five in which they were principals.

CONSTANT READER, Brooklyn.—The best euchre card, which is jack, is high in cutting for deal at euchre.

PETER E., Sacramento.—Ten Broeck has the fastest record at one mile, and also at four miles.

ST. ALBANS.—Simply state that the play is founded upon the sketch which has been incorporated in it.

ANONYMOUS.—The Stadt Theatre, in this city, which seats 3,000, is the largest in this country.

C. E. L., Allegheny City.—The Declaration of Independence was "one hundred years old in 1876."

J. O. S., Oil City.—Under a special rule of the turf, it will be 1879, as the time made in 1878 is the time made.

SWIFT, Chicago.—The last of the ninth inning not being played, the bet is off.

DURLINGS.—That Leselle Schmall Mooskeeder," "Rad Company, the Canse of it All."

YANKEE, New Orleans.—It was not set to music at the time of its publication.

S. CORNEYLINE.—Having made the two he gave, B goes out on his high.

T. P., Washington.—A loses. See answer to "B., Buffalo," in CLIPPER of July 6.

REB AND MIKE, Evansville.—D cannot go alone on a trump made by his partner.

E. B. R., Mauipeier.—Hooley's Opera house, Brooklyn, is not rented, as yet, for next season.

READER.—They have been sent for. We don't keep the addresses of letters sent away.

E. L. W., Montrose.—We have inclosed your letter to him and advertised it.

A. AND B., Syracuse.—If the bet was made precisely as stated, A loses.

SANDY MILLER, Boston.—C. E. Courtney's home is at Union Springs, N. Y.

F. U. G., Hartford.—The horse winning gets a record or a bar on any track.

C. A. H.—That son should not have "Jr." affixed to his name.

J. C. K., New Orleans.—Goldsmith Maid *has* "trotted a mile three times in faster time than 2:15."

E. E. M., Huntsville.—See answer to "W. L. D., Huntsville."

"OUR MARIAN."—Twenty-eight lines, $4.2) for each insertion.

SPIKE KEOKUK.—That player is out who called out on the act.

J. A. H., Red Wing.—The non-dealer counts first at cribbage.

A. A., Albion.—Address Prof. Edison, Rutherford Park, N. J.

W. B., Austin.—We are not aware that the lady is married.

BRADDOCKS.—Official time is not taken on the English turf.

JOHN SCHNELL.—$1 received.

JULIUS.—B loses.

RICHARD COLLINS, Cambridge.—See answer to "M. J. C."

SUBSCRIBER.—More running races, in our opinion.

CIGAR, Rochester.—You lose, under our rule.

PASSAIC.—Have advertised the letter for her.

CARMINE CATSKILL.—You can play that way.

CARRIE F.—It is not quite up to the mark.

JOHN.—Write to Sol Smith Russell.

S. M., St. Paul.—1:29¾ for a mile.

What Caused It.

Sho-wae-cae-mette, let none forget,
All life, and fun, and frolic,
On the 4th went by, to victory;
But died, the 5th, of colic!

IT IS to be hoped that the second-officer of the vessel that carried off that school of girls for Europe is a steady, reliable man, for it is probable that the captain will have been talked to death before the voyage is ended.

THE MOTTO of the Sho-wae-cae-mettes is said to be "Get there." They got there on the Glorious Fourth, but failed to stay there!

TRADE in Buffalo robes was very dull during the past week, and dealers talk seriously of closing up for the season!

NEWS OF THE WEEK BOILED DOWN.

*** July 1: The Government of the District of Columbia organised..... Opening of the Brooklyn, Flatbush and Coney Island Railroad.....Two men garroted Thomas Buckley, cashier of the Ohio Knitting Mill Company, on a horse-car near Troy, N. Y., securing $3,000, intended for paying the hands $21,000 stolen from an express-messenger's bag on the way to Painesville, O.....Emma Nel'eet attempts suicide in Philadelphia.....Col. Alvah Buckbee of Elmira, N.Y., shot his wife and mother-in-law, and then blew his brains out..... John Williamson, a policeman of Middletown, N. Y., committed suicide to avoid arrest for arson.....Harley G. Brown, who was arrested for having wrecked a train near Claymont, Del., confessed his crime..... A serious Indian outbreak near Canon City, Oregon.....Cable: An Austrian army 60,000 strong prepared to march into Bosnia; Mehemet Ali complains in strong terms of the treatment Turkey is receiving from the Congress; Bessarabia ceded to Russia, and Roumania and Montenegro declared free; 1,200 communists allowed remission or commutation of punishment in honor of the Exposition fete at Paris.....City: Mrs. Werthemer's body discovered—"found drowned;" Michael Tobin sentenced to death; General Hancock and the Atlantic Division Headquarters transferred to Governor's Island; one of the four boys accused of being train-wreckers acquitted; John Berrian, superintendent of the Croton Aqueduct, thrown from his wagon near Kingsbridge and killed; Wm. Kennedy shoots and kills Dennis Mahony in a barroom brawl in Water street; thermometer ranged to 95 degrees.....Fires: The Hignold Works, Riverside, N. J.—loss $2,500.

*** July 2: A number of the mills at Fall River, Mass., shutting down..... Chas. E. Lord, recently in the employ of Morse Brothers, wholesale grocers, Boston, Mass., confesses to stealing $10,000 worth of goods.....A coach from Deadwood attacked by robbers—a passenger resists, shoots, and is shot..... Jas. S. Bedlow, superintendent of the Western Union Telegraph Company, Portland, Me., saves a girl's life and loses his own in the water.....The rendrock manufactory of Rand & Co., at Preakness, N. J., destroyed by fire.....Fight and horrible massacre of the Indians in John Day Valley, Oregon.....The movement against agricultural machinery reaching alarming proportions in Ohio and Indiana—scores of machines destroyed..... The Fall River Print Works re-opened—wages about $150,000.....The strike of the wool hands in Utica, N. Y., ended..... A coroner's jury declared that Mrs. M. L. Hubbard of Gravesend, L. I., was poisoned by her husband..... Henry D. Rothermel, cashier of the Mount Carmel (Pa.) Savings-bank, commits suicide in the banking office..... Dennis Lee, accidentally injured while firing the falling of a mass of slate in Bosck's mine, near Caseyville, Ky.....$12,000 in bonds boldly stolen from Graves & Aull's office, Philadelphia, Pa., in business hours..... A train of 17 cars on the Concord and Montreal Railroad wrecked at Forrest Crossing, near Tilton, N. H.—the fireman and engineer injured..... Cable: The Berlin Congress nearly through its session; the war indemnity and the navigation of the Danube under consideration; Turkish consent to Austria's occupation of Bosnia; sight rioting in Marseilles, France—religious troubles; all persons arrested in connection with the Nothing" attempt upon the Emperor William's life liberated; the Greek Ministry offer their resignations..... City: Frank Lang tramps from Leavenworth, Kansas, and dies here from exposure and fatigue; petition presented to the Grand Jury complaining of the noise of the Metropolitan Railway trains; Geo. F. Howell, a discharged clerk, shoots a business associate, J. P. Deering, inflicting probably fatal wounds..... Fires: Engine company and boat Capital City at Memphis, Tenn.—an elevator also consumed—two lives lost—loss $250,000; Chas. Pfizer & Co.'s chemical works, Williamsburg, N. Y.—four firemen injured by bursting of chemicals—loss $5,000; cotton stores at Jacksonville, Fla.—loss $30,000; Theodore Cook's saw mill, Pelham Hollow, Mass.—loss $4,000, insurance $3,000; several buildings at Poultney, Vt.—loss $10,000, insurance $6,000.

*** July 3: Peter Finlay, a sign-painter, murdered by Jas. Franklin, a carver, at the Highland Hotel, Long Branch, N. J.....The Ohio Knitting Mill Company, on a horse-car near Troy, N. Y., securing $3,000, intended for paying the hands $21,000 stolen from an express-messenger's bag on the way to Painesville, O.....Emma Nellis attempts suicide in Philadelphia.....Col. Alvah Buckbee of Elmira, N.Y., shot his wife and mother-in-law, and then blew his brains out..... John Williamson, a policeman of Middletown, N. Y., committed suicide to avoid arrest for arson.....Harley G. Brown, who was arrested for having wrecked a train near Claymont, Del., confessed his crime..... A serious Indian outbreak near Canon City, Oregon.....Cable: An Austrian army 60,000 strong prepared to march into Bosnia; Mehemet Ali complains in strong terms of the treatment Turkey is receiving from the Congress; Bessarabia ceded to Russia, and Roumania and Montenegro declared free; 1,200 communists allowed remission or commutation of punishment in honor of the Exposition fete at Paris.....City: Mrs. Werthemer's body discovered—"found drowned;" Michael Tobin sentenced to death; General Hancock and the Atlantic Division Headquarters transferred to Governor's Island; one of the four boys accused of being train-wreckers acquitted; John Berrian, superintendent of the Croton Aqueduct, thrown from his wagon near Kingsbridge and killed; Wm. Kennedy shoots and kills Dennis Mahony in a barroom brawl in Water street; thermometer ranged to 95 degrees.....Fires: The Hignold Works, Riverside, N. J.—loss $2,500.

*** July 4: Terrific Summer storm—at Pittsburg a flour-mill struck by lightning and burned—Western Pennsylvanian railroad tracks washed away—a tree fell on a picnic party at Grove, a few miles from Pittsburg, instantly killing ten persons and wounding fifteen—a picnic party near New London, Ct., struck by lightning; an old lady killed and several persons injured..... Wm. McGill, an insane Philadelphia mechanic, shoots his employers, the Messrs. Armstrong, at Port Deposit, Md., and kills himself..... Wm. Alexander, an Inspector on the Welland Canal, Canada, killed by his wife in bed during a violent attempt to murder her..... The Umatillas fighting the Oregon Indians..... Geo. Mallor accidentally shot in Philadelphia, Pa., by his son..... E. S. Calhoun, treasurer of the Peters & Calhoun Company of New York, arrested in Newark, N. J., charged with embezzlement and fraud..... The national holiday generally well celebrated—important ceremonies took place in Philadelphia and Philadelphia, Pa., and Woodstock, Ct.; the President at Wilkesbarre..... Cable: The Austrians are to enter the Turkish Provinces at two points simultaneously, advancing slowly to give the Turks time to withdraw; British troop-ships gone to Malta; the Pandora, Jas. Gordon Bennett's steamer, refrustened the Jeannette at Havre; Prince Bismarck considers that Russia is entitled to Bessarabia.....City: A quiet celebration of the day—but few fireworks to be seen; the new prohibitory ordinance generally respected, few accidents, and only thirty-one arrests; steamboat Grand Republic ran into and sank a small schooner at Twenty-Fourth street—the crew escaped; Jas. Dougherty, a fireman, stabbed and killed by an unknown man in a street fight; the Socialists have a small turnout here and a large gathering in Brooklyn..... Fires: The Vona Oil Works, Negley's Run, Pa., struck by lightning—loss $100,000; Alex. Ayres' barn and outhouses in Metuchin, N. J.—loss $2,000; D. Crosier's dwelling and barns, Binghamton, N. Y.—loss $5,000; insurance $2,000.

*** July 5: A safe, stolen from M. Richards of Rothrockville, Pa., found in a pit not far away, with its contents, $27,000, in bonds and money, undisturbed.....Attempt to enter a house near Jamestown, N. Y., mistaken for a burglar and fatally shot.....Mary Ellen Dorsher killed by a stray bullet from a rifle-range near Lighthouse Point, Ct..... At Franklin, Pa., Wm. Hunt was killed by a bullet in the heart..... The house of Abner Connor, at Sandy Creek Village, Pa., containing himself, wife and child, a Mr. Boyd and a stranger, swept away by a storm, and all drowned except Patrick Hoffman.....Dudley, W. Va., brings suit against Rev. Father Casanova for $20,000 damages because of libel..... Emma Bethel, who was acquitted recently, confessed that she poisoned the Bishops at Berlin; the plot was made at Montreal, Quebec, to assassinate E. H. Goff, president of the Boston, Portland and Montreal Railroad..... Benj. F. Hunter found guilty at Cincinnati of the murder of John M. Armstrong—$26,000 insurance on his victim in the motive..... David Trumbull and Col. Chas. M. Cott drowned in New London Harbor while rescuing a child..... Celebration of the centennial anniversary of the battle of Bennington, on the battlefield.....Capture of one of the Philadelphia bond-thieves in Jersey City, N. J., after an exciting chase..... George Mitchell, third-officer on the Cunard steamship Scythia, murdered on his vessel in mid-ocean, and the steamer at Jersey City..... The Coroner conducts the inquest in the case of the East St. Louis policemen, killed in the recent affray, in absolute secrecy—the Mayor and deputy marshals give bonds..... Cable: Austria intends to make the occupation conditional; General Todleben preparing to withdraw from Adrianople..... City: Patrick Murphy, to escape arrest, stabs himself with a pair of shears; Mrs. Margaret Smith instantly killed and Mr. Reynolds fatally, by a gunpowder explosion in Murphy's room; 95 degrees; the police of several precincts enforced the fire-work ordinance—a number of persons arrested..... Fires: S. French's boarding-house, at North Hampton, N. H.—Alfred Hall, a man, burned to death—loss $5,000; insurance $2,800; Jas. Trickner's house, Americus, Ga.—loss $5,000, insurance $3,000; Baggs, Buteile & Co.'s establishment, Boston, Mass.—loss $5,000.

*** July 6: Terrific Summer storm—at Pittsburg a flour-mill struck by lightning and burned—Western Pennsylvanian railroad tracks washed away—a tree fell on a picnic party at Grove, a few miles from Pittsburg, instantly killing ten persons and wounding fifteen—a picnic party near New London, Ct., struck by lightning; an old lady killed and several persons injured..... Wm. McGill, an insane Philadelphia mechanic, shoots his employers, the Messrs. Armstrong, at Port Deposit, Md., and kills himself..... Wm. Alexander, an Inspector on the Welland Canal, Canada, killed by his wife in bed during a violent attempt to murder her..... The Umatillas fighting the Oregon Indians..... Geo. Mallor accidentally shot in Philadelphia, Pa., by his son..... E. S. Calhoun, treasurer of the Peters & Calhoun Company of New York, arrested in Newark, N. J., charged with embezzlement and fraud..... The national holiday generally well celebrated—important ceremonies took place in Philadelphia and Philadelphia, Pa., and Woodstock, Ct.; the President at Wilkesbarre..... Cable: The Austrians are to enter the Turkish Provinces at two points simultaneously, advancing slowly to give the Turks time to withdraw; British troop-ships gone to Malta; the Pandora, Jas. Gordon Bennett's steamer, refrustened the Jeannette at Havre; Prince Bismarck considers that Russia is entitled to Bessarabia.....City: A quiet celebration of the day—but few fireworks to be seen; the new prohibitory ordinance generally respected, few accidents, and only thirty-one arrests; steamboat Grand Republic ran into and sank a small schooner at Twenty-Fourth street—the crew escaped; Jas. Dougherty, a fireman, stabbed and killed by an unknown man in a street fight; the Socialists have a small turnout here and a large gathering in Brooklyn..... Fires: The Vona Oil Works, Negley's Run, Pa., struck by lightning—loss $100,000; Alex. Ayres' barn and outhouses in Metuchin, N. J.—loss $2,000; D. Crosier's dwelling and barns, Binghamton, N. Y.—loss $5,000; insurance $2,000.

IF YOUR MEMORY or ours is not greatly at fault, you should have no difficulty in recalling the opinion we gave several months ago, that if ever the Columbia crew should meet the English college boys on the Thames they'd lay 'em out cold! You remember? And yet we make no claim to extraordinary foresight.

FOURTH OF JULY was a "field" day for Young America at Hoboken, when they put the drag on St. George and flung them out without mercy, thus making a new haul for the unfiery drabs of the Quaker City. Young America was of age on that day, when they reached their majority of twenty-one.

NOTWITHSTANDING the extreme heat of the past week, with the thermometer at 92° in the shade on the 5th, William Sexton *froze* to Schaefer's forfeit of one thousand dollars without turning a hair!

HOT CORN is nearly ripe—a few more days, oh, ye weary-of-waiting lovers of the succulent cob, and the rich tones of ye peripatetic vender may once more be heard in the land. Wait a little longer.

IT IS just possible that a change of diet from California oats to Kentucky blue grass is what caused Mollie McCarthy to "perish in her little bowels" on the 4th of July.

LET'S get up a corner-stone for a Washington monument before this city loses sight of the fact that there ever was such a man as George.

DEATH'S DOINGS.

Weekly Record of the Decease of Prominent Individuals.

COMPILED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

AYER, Dr. James C.—The veneer of the widely-known "Ayer's Pills," from which he amassed a fortune estimated at from $15,000,000 to $20,000,000. He was the son of a farmer, and was born at Groton, Ct., May 5, 1818. While employed in a dry-goods store in Lowell, Mass., he studied medicine under Dr. John C. Dalton and Dr. Graves. He completed his course at the Pennsylvania University, and there received his degree. He held many offices in Lowell, and was a leading stockholder in *The N. Y. Tribune*. In 1853 he was a candidate for Congress in the Middlesex, Boston—Whig district, and in 1874, he was defeated in the Democratic Middlesex, Boston—Nothing" district. He attempt upon the Emperor William's life liberated; the Greek Ministry offer their resignations..... City: Frank Lang tramps from Leavenworth, Kansas, and dies here from exposure and fatigue; petition presented to the Grand Jury complaining of the noise of the Metropolitan Railway trains; Geo. F. Howell, a discharged clerk, shoots a business associate, J. P. Deering, inflicting probably fatal wounds..... Fires: Engine company and boat Capital City at Memphis, Tenn.—an elevator also consumed—two lives lost—loss $250,000; Chas. Pfizer & Co.'s chemical works, Williamsburg, N. Y.—four firemen injured by bursting of chemicals—loss $5,000; cotton stores at Jacksonville, Fla.—loss $30,000; Theodore Cook's saw mill, Pelham Hollow, Mass.—loss $4,000, insurance $3,000; several buildings at Poultney, Vt.—loss $10,000, insurance $6,000.

BABAB, Annadine—Widow of Henry Babab, and daughter of the late Dr. John Armantaire Monges of Philadelphia—this city, July 5.

BREEDE, John J.—A prominent German Republican of Detroit, Mich. Fell dead of heart-disease—that city, July 1, aged 54.

BELL, Rev. Henry—Of Baltimore, Md.—there, July 3, aged 65.

BARKMAN, Robert—A young photographer of Richmond, Va. Suicide. He left a note, in which he said: "I have handed in my checks"—that city, June 29.

BEDLOW, Supt.—Of the Wee-tan Union Telegraph Co., at Portland, Me. Died of syncope while rescuing a young girl who in bathing had got beyond her depth—there, July 2.

BERRIAN, John L.—Aged resident of Westchester County, and Superintendent of the Croton Aqueduct. Thrown from his wagon—Westchester County, July 1, aged 77.

BOLCKOW, H. E. F.—Founder of the first Mayor of Middlesbrough upon its incorporation in 1853, and in 1867 he became its first member of Parliament—Ramsgate, Eng., June 18.

BOURBEE, Col. Alvah—For several years joint proprietor of the Homestead Hotel, Elmira, N. Y., where he was prominent in politics, and had been Deputy-sheriff. After shooting his wife and mother-in-law perhaps fatally, shot himself—Elmira, July 1, aged about 30.

BLACK, Peter—President of the First National Bank of Zanesville, O.—there, July 7.

BRANELL, Joseph—A veteran sea-captain—Philadelphia, June 24, aged 68.

CUMMINS, William—A wealthy farmer of Berlin, Vt. He feared that poverty would overtake him. Hanged himself—Berlin, June 30.

CANTEL, Henri—French poet and journalist. Died in poverty and obscurity—Paris, France, early in June.

CAMERON, Capt. Charles—Late of Her Majesty's Twenty-sixth Regiment (Cameronians)—Newark, N. J., June 30, aged 63.

CHAPMAN, Frank J.—Of Carbondale, Ill., and owner of a mill at Forman, Ill. Assassinated—latter place, June 30.

COIT, Charles M—Treasurer of the Chelsea Savings bank at Norwich, Ct., where he was formerly Postmaster. During the Rebellion he commanded the Eighth Regiment Connecticut volunteers. Drowned in rescuing his son—New London Harbor, Ct., July 3, aged about 40.

CONSTANCE, Sister—Mother Superior of the Sisters of Notre Dame at Lawrence, Mass. She was formerly in a retraining school in England, and later was stationed in Cincinnati, O.—Lawrence, Mass., July 1, aged 51.

COCHRAN, Col. John—A lieutenant in the U. S. Army in 1812, and with Gen. Winfield Scott at Lundy's Lane—South Bloomfield, O., July 2, aged 89.

CLAPP, Edward Llewellyn—A clerk in the office of the Midland Railroad Company, a member of Co. E of the twenty second Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y., and a son of Everett Clapp the stock-broker—this city, July 5.

DU BOIS, Caroline—Widow of the Rev. George Du Bois—White Plains, N. Y., July 4, aged 73.

DELMAS, L.—Born in this city, studied at the College of St. Francis Xavier, here, and at St. Joseph's Provincial Seminary, Troy, and ordained deacon on June 15 last—Hunter's Point, L. I., July 4.

DOWLING, Rev. John—A distinguished Baptist clergyman, and author of "A History of Romanism" and other works. He was born in Sussex County, Eng., May 12, 1807, and after seventeen years of service as an Independent minister in London, in 1832 he came to America, preaching in Catskill, N. Y., and at Newport, and from about 1836 to 1852 he labored in this city. From 1852 to 1856 he was in Philadelphia, and then returned to this city, where he has then he returned to the Berean Church, this city, where he remained twelve years. His last pastorate was the South Baptist Church, this city. He retired from the pulpit about three years ago—New York State Homœopathic Asylum, July 4.

DELAUP, Francois—Compositor and proof-reader, and founder in 1827 of *Le Courrier Américain*, with which he was long connected in a subordinate capacity, having in 1831 transferred his proprietary interest to Jerome Bayon. He was born in San Domingo, of French parents, in 1798, and went to Brazil in 1809, and thence to Vera Cruz, Mexico—New Orleans, June 27.

DONNELLY, John A.—Had been a member of the old Police Department of Jersey City, N. J.—there, June 30, aged 48.

EMMONS, Captain James Andrew—One of the oldest pilots on the Hudson River and in New York Bay, and to many years commander of the fine steamboat George Washington, of Newburgh-Newtown, this State, in 1813. His sons are navigators in our harbor—Jersey City, July 4.

ELDRED, Col. N. B. S.—Of Auburn, N. Y. Suicide—there, June 30.

EASTMAN, Thomas—About 1848, at Canton, Pa., established *The Weekly Visitor*. Many years later, having been meanwhile a school-teacher in Philadelphia, he established *The Keystone*, at Wellsboro, Pa. A good musician, he organized and conducted a band while at the West. During the past few years he had lectured in Philadelphia and written for the press. He was born in 1796 in London, Eng., during a visit of his father, a trader of Boston, and came to this country about 1808—Philadelphia, June 30.

ERDMANN, Rev. M. A.—this city, July 1.

FAIRBANKS, Erastus D.—Of the Fairbanks, well-known manufacturer in Southport, Chenango County, N. Y. Drowned while bathing—there, June 30.

FUMSTON, Thomas G.—(See Amusements)—Philadelphia, June 22, aged 52.

GREAR, Samuel—One of the oldest butchers in Philadelphia—there, July 2, aged 83.

GILFILLAN, Caroline M.—Wife of Dr. William Gilfillan of Brooklyn—that city, July 2.

GROOM, William—An Old Defender of Baltimore, Md.—there, July 1, aged 87.

GRAY, L. Frank—Of the firm of Gray Bros., Syracuse, N. Y.—Wheeling, O., July 1.

GRANT, John—A well-known citizen of Newark, N. J. Suddenly—there, July 5.

GRAHAM, Lord Montague William—Youngest son of the third Duke of Montrose, and uncle of the present Duke. In 1867 he married the Hon. Harriet Ann Hanbury, daughter of the first Lord Bateman. She survives—London, Eng., July 4, aged 71.

GRIPENBERG, Lieut. Albert—Of the Russian expedition to this country. He was born in Finland in 1845—this city, July 6.

HOTCHKISS, Hon. Giles W.—Had been a member of the Thirty-eighth, Thirty-ninth and Forty-first Congresses—Binghamton, N. Y., July 5.

HUFFMAN, J. L.—A Master Mason, and a highly respected citizen of Easton, O., where he was known as "Lit the Huff"—there, June 30.

HICKOX, William C.—Of the firm of Bart & Hickox, Cincinnati, O.—that city, July 3, aged 53.

JENKINS, Hannah—Relict of Sylvester F. Jenkins—this city, July 4, aged 97.

KREUZER, Christoph—Born in Bavaria, and came to this country in 1833. With his brother Joseph, who died in 1874, he in 1858 founded the *Katholiche Volks-Zeitung* of Baltimore, Md., which Christoph continued to publish until his death—Baltimore, Md., July 4.

LONG, Dr. Crawford W.—A prominent physician at the South. Dr. J. Marion Sims credits him with being the first man to "intentionally produce anæsthesia for surgical operations," and that "he was the first to administer ether. This was in advance of Horace Wells by over two years, and of Dr. Morton by four years—Athens, Ga., June 16, aged 63.

KANE, Henry—A soldier of the War of 1812—Germantown, Pa., July 1, aged 86.

LEIDY, Asher S.—Originally a druggist in Philadelphia, but since 1850 in the wool business. During the Rebellion he became colonel of the Ninety-ninth Regiment, P. V.—Philadelphia, July 6, aged about 48.

McBEAN, Major-general William—Of the British Army, in 1825, as an ensign of the Forty-second (the Royal Highlanders, of which on Oct. 1 last he became colonel, with the rank of major-general. With that regiment he was a sergeant in Quebec, Canada, in 1846; in the Crimea he was made ensign Aug. 10, 1854, and on Dec. 5 received several medals; in the Indian campaign he was made captain on April 16, 1858, and March 11 was awarded the Victoria Cross. He was made brevet-major Aug. 8, 1862, brevet lieutenant-colonel July 14, 1871; major, June 8, 1872; and lieutenant-colonel, Oct. 29, 1873—Woolwich, Eng., June 25.

McGUIRE, Mrs. J. C.—Mother of the wife of the Hon. Richard T. Merrick—Washington, D. C., July 3, aged 80.

MALONEY, James—Captain of the canal-boat "Noyes' Star Liniment" of Lockport, N. Y. Drowned—Buffalo, N. Y., June 30.

WOOD, Bloomfield H.—Of the firm of Jessup & Moore, established in Philadelphia in 1843. He was a prominent member of the Union League of that city, and a good writer and debater. He married Miss Sarah Lockhart Jessup of Philadelphia, who is herself somewhat known as a writer—Philadelphia, July 5, aged about 60.

McCONOMY, Rev. Father Augustus J.—For fifteen years past Chancellor of the R. C. Diocese of Philadelphia—there, July 7.

MICHELIN, Francis—Said to have been the oldest lithographic printer in this country—Cambridgeport, Mass., July 5.

McMAHON, Patrick—A highly-respected citizen of Stowe, Vt. Suicide—there, June 30.

MAGEE, Michael H.—Of the Philadelphia firm of James F. Magee & Co., chemists—that city, July 5, aged 39.

MILLER, Henry—See Billiards—New Orleans, June 23.

MEUNDER, Henry—A native of Prussia, but for the past thirty-six years had resided in Buffalo, N. Y., where he did business. Drowned himself in a cistern

BASEBALL.

MATCHES TO BE PLAYED.

INTERNATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP.

July 8, Manchester vs. Utica, at Utica.
July 8, Star vs. Rochester, at Rochester.
July 9, Star vs. Tecumseh, at London.
July 10, Manchester vs. Rochester, at Rochester.
July 11, Manchester vs. Rochester, at Rochester.
July 11, Lowell vs. Utica, at Utica.
July 12, Star vs. Buffalo, at Buffalo.
July 12, Manchester vs. Tecumseh, at London.
July 13, Manchester vs. Tecumseh, at London.
July 13, Lowell vs. Rochester, at Rochester.

LEAGUE CHAMPIONSHIP.

July 9, Cincinnati vs. Providence, at Cincinnati.
July 9, Milwaukee vs. Chicago, at Chicago.
July 9, Boston vs. St. Louis, at St. Louis.
July 9, Providence vs. Cincinnati, at Cincinnati.
July 11, Milwaukee vs. Chicago, at Chicago.
July 11, Boston vs. St. Louis, at St. Louis.
July 13, Providence vs. Cincinnati, at Cincinnati.
July 13, Boston vs. St. Louis, at St. Louis.
July 13, Milwaukee vs. Chicago, at Chicago.

LOCAL GAMES.

July 8, Hartford vs. Witoka, at Centennial Grounds.
July 9, Hartford vs. Jersey City, at Centennial Grounds.
July 10, Hartford vs. New York nine, at Centen'l Grounds.
July 11, Hartford vs. Resolute, at Elizabeth.
July 11, Hartford vs. Orange, at Orange.
July 12, Hartford vs. Flyaway, at Fleetwood.
PHILADELPHIA GAMES.
July 9, Athletic vs. Schuster, at Twenty-fourth street and Ridge avenue.
July 11, Athletic vs. Cricket, of Hindsmatton, at Twenty-fourth street and Ridge avenue.
July 11, Alert vs. Young America, at Wayne Station, Germantown.
July 13, Alert vs. Excelsior, at Frankford.

THE INTERNATIONAL RECORD.

The record of the International championship up to July 7, inclusive, shows the Buffalos in the van, with the Stars second and the Tecumsehs third, as will be seen by the appended table:

Club.	Allegheny	Buffalo	Cricket	Hartford	Hornell	Lowell	Manchester	Rochester	Springfield	Star	Tecumseh	Utica	Witoka	Won.	Lost.
Allegheny		1	0	1	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	7
Buffalo	1		0	3	2	3	1	1	0	3	0	1	1	15	4
Cricket	0	0		0	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	9
Hartford	0	0	0		1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	9
Hornell	1	1	3	1		1	0	0	2	1	0	0	2	12	7
Lowell	0	0	1	1	1		0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	9
Manchester	1	3	1	1	2	2		1	2	2	0	1	1	15	4
Rochester	1	1	1	1	2	1	0		2	0	0	1	1	13	6
Springfield	1	0	0	1	0	0	0	0		0	0	0	0	2	9
Star	1	1	1	1	2	1	0	0	2		0	0	1	10	5
Tecumseh	1	1	2	1	2	1	0	0	2	2		0	1	13	6
Utica	1	0	0	1	2	1	0	0	2	0	0		0	7	11
Witoka	1	0	0	1	1	1	0	0	2	0	0	1		7	11
Lost.	11	10	17	17	13	8	9	14	14	5	11	9	14	152	152

A summary of the above places the clubs in the following relative positions in won games:

Club.	Won.	Lost.	Drawn	Played.	No.	Club.	Won.	Lost.	Drawn	Played.
1 Buffalo	19	10	29	9	8	Cricket	12	17	29	29
2 Star	18	5	23	10	9	Worcester	7	14	21	21
3 Tecumseh	17	11	28	11	10	Springfield	2	14	16	16
4 Lowell	15	9	24	13	11	Hartford	1	17	18	18
5 Utica	15	13	28		12	Allegheny	1	15	16	16
6 Hornell	15	13	28				152	152		
7 Manchester	15	14	29							
8 Rochester	13	14	27							

THE LEAGUE RECORD.

The Boston Club closes the first week of July with their nine at the head of the list of championship contestants, by their last victory over the Chicagos, defeats being obliged to fall back to second place, while Chicago occupies a good third. The Bostons have been steadily working their way to the front from early June. The record to July 7 inclusive is as follows:

Club.	Boston	Chicago	Cincinnati	Milwaukee	Providence	St. Louis	Won.	Drawn	Played.
Boston		2	2	2	5	4	3	17	0	24
Chicago	4		2	0	4	4	3	17	1	24
Cincinnati	0	0		2	1	4	3	7	0	10
Milwaukee	0	2	1		2	2	2	10	0	14
Providence	0	3	1	0		2	2	10	0	13
St. Louis	0	0	2	2	1		1	4	2	31
Games lost	4	7	13	12	21	13	15	81	4	

A summary of the above leaves the contesting nines occupying the following relative positions in won games:

Club.	Won.	Lost.	Drawn	Played.	No.	Club.	Won.	Lost.	Drawn	Played.
1 Boston	17	7	0	24	4	St. Louis	14	15	2	31
2 Cincinnati	17	12	1	30	5	Providence	10	13	0	23
3 Chicago	16	13	0	29	6	Milwaukee	7	15	0	22
						Total	81	81	4	

THE LEAGUE RECORD.

The following is the record of the League championship games for June, 1878:

June 1,	Chicago vs. Boston, at Boston	3 to 2
June 1,	Providence vs. Milwaukee, at Providence	14
June 1,	Indianapolis vs. Cincinnati, at Cincinnati	6
June 1,	Chicago vs. Boston, at Boston	3
June 3,	Providence vs. Milwaukee, at Providence	3
June 3,	Cincinnati vs. Indianapolis, at Cincinnati	2
June 4,	Chicago vs. Providence, at Providence	1
June 4,	Boston vs. Milwaukee, at Boston	9
June 4,	Indianapolis vs. Cincinnati, at Indianapolis	3
June 6,	Cincinnati vs. Indianapolis, at Cincinnati	15
June 6,	Boston vs. Milwaukee, at Milwaukee	16
June 6,	Chicago vs. Providence, at Providence	17
June 10,	Boston vs. Indianapolis, at Boston	4
June 11,	Boston vs. Milwaukee, at Boston	2
June 12,	Chicago vs. Milwaukee, at Chicago	2
June 12,	Milwaukee vs. Providence, at Chicago (10 in.)	1
June 13,	Cin'nati vs. Provid'ce, at Provid'ce (6 in.)	2
June 13,	Boston vs. Indianapolis, at Boston	5
June 14,	Cincinnati vs. Providence, at Providence	4
June 14,	Boston vs. Indianapolis, at Boston	7
June 15,	Chicago vs. Milwaukee, at Chicago	7
June 15,	Cincinnati vs. Providence, at Providence	12
June 17,	Boston vs. Cincinnati, at Boston	4
June 17,	Milwaukee vs. Chicago, at Milwaukee	7
June 19,	Providence vs. Indianapolis, at Providence	5
June 20,	Boston vs. Cincinnati, at Boston	5
June 20,	Providence vs. Indianapolis, at Providence	7
June 20,	Chicago vs. Milwaukee, at Milwaukee	11
June 22,	Chicago vs. Milwaukee, at Chicago	14
June 25,	Boston vs. Chicago, at Boston	11
June 25,	Providence vs. Milwaukee, at Milwaukee	7
June 26,	Indianapolis vs. Cincinnati, at Indianapolis	5
June 27,	Chicago vs. Boston, at Chicago	16
June 27,	Milwaukee vs. Milwaukee, at Milwaukee	7
June 27,	Indianapolis vs. Cincinnati, at Indianapolis	7
June 27,	Indianapolis vs. Cincinnati, at Indianapolis	9
June 28,	Indianapolis vs. Cincinnati, at Indianapolis	10
June 28,	Indianapolis vs. Cincinnati, at Indianapolis	5
June 29,	Indianapolis vs. Boston, at Chicago	2
June 29,	Chicago vs. Boston, at Chicago	9
		274 121

Totals of 36 games.

Average, winning nines, 7 and 22 over; average of losing nines, 3 and 13 over.

PROSPECT PARK CHAMPIONSHIP.

The contests for the Park pennant do not progress very rapidly, as there are only two games on Saturday, and not always those. Thus far the Nameless Club holds the lead, as will be seen by the appended table:

Club.	Won.	Lost.	Played.	No.	Club.	Won.	Lost.	Played.
1 Nameless	4	1	5	5	Winona	1	4	5
2 Putnam	3	1	4	6	Seneca	1	4	5
3 Polytechnic	3	2	5	7	Utica	1	4	5
Games lost	1	1	2	8	Putnam	0	1	1
Series lost	0	0	1	9	Polytechnic	0	1	1

The record of the games played to date is as follows:

May 11, Nameless vs. Putnam	19 to 7
May 11, Seneca vs. Polytechnic	7 to 6
May 18, Nameless vs. Seneca	9 to 4
May 25, Putnam vs. Seneca	23 to 10
May 25, Nameless vs. Polytechnic	12 to 5
June 1, Nameless vs. Seneca	12 to 7
June 22, Winona vs. Nameless (10 innings)	16 to 15
July 6, Nameless vs. Winona	5 to 0

The Nameless is the only club that has won a series, and that is due to the most series of best two out of three decides the championship.

HOLYOKE vs. CLIPPER.

In a game with the Clippers at East hampton, at Holyoke, Mass., July 3, the home nine slaughtered the visitors, who made but one run, of a fumble by Snyder, and hit for three bases only.

HOLYOKE.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Sullivan, c. f.	5	0	0	1	0	0
Winch'tr, 2b	6	2	2	3	2	1
Donovan, 1b	6	1	0	10	3	0
Syner, 3d b.	6	2	1	2	0	1
Driscoll, s. s.	6	2	2	0	1	4
McL'ghlin, ss	5	2	2	0	1	1
Lynde, l. f.	5	3	0	2	0	0
Hoff, r. f.	5	1	1	2	0	1
Bergh, c.	5	1	4	13	3	2
Totals	49	11	16	27	7	9

CLIPPER.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
M. Daily, l. f.	4	0	0	0	0	2
Couch, s. s.	4	0	0	1	4	1
Kelly, c.	4	0	0	7	0	0
Buckner, 1b.	4	0	0	12	0	1
Moore, p.	4	0	0	0	2	0
W. Daily, c. f.	4	0	1	3	0	0
Latham, 3d b.	4	0	1	3	3	0
McGrath, c.	4	0	0	1	2	2
Burns, p.	4	0	0	0	4	0
Totals	36	0	2	27	15	6

Holyoke.....0 0 0 0 0 0 7 4 0 0—11
Clipper.....0 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 0—1

Earned runs—Holyoke, 4. First base on errors—Holyoke, 7; Clipper, 5.

STAR vs. WHITE CAPS.

Another game was played at Millville, N. J., July 4, between the Stars of Vineland and the White Caps of Millville, resulting as follows:

STAR.	R.	WHITE CAPS.	R.
Dederick, 3d b.	0	Poole, s. s.	0
Stevens, c.	0	Harris, l. f.	1
Myers, p.	0	Wegan, 3d b.	0
Doane, 1st b.	0	Summerman, p.	0
Howe, r. f.	0	Hoy, r. f.	0
Fish, l. f.	0	Pennington, c.	0
O'Brien, c.	0	Bomhoff, 2d b.	0
Cunningham, 2d b.	0	Stokes, c. f.	0
Worden, s. s.	2	Mattick, 1st b.	0
Total	2	Total	1

Star	3	1	0	1	0	2	0	1	0—8
White Caps	0	2	1	0	0	0	1	0	0—3

Umpire, J. B. French. Time, 1h. 30m.

PRINCETON vs. ORANGE AND ELIZABETH.

On July 4 the Princeton College nine visited Orange, N. J., and in a match with the local professional nine in the morning were defeated.

ORANGE.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Clarke, 3d b.	2	2	2	2	0
Taylor, l. f.	2	2	3	1	0
Brown, 2d b.	2	1	3	4	1
Ward, r. f.	1	1	1	0	0
Smith, c. f.	0	2	0	0	0
Rule, p.	0	0	0	2	4
Smullen, s. s.	0	1	0	2	1
Thomson, 1st b.	1	1	9	0	0
Dunne, 1st b.	1	2	13	0	0
Totals	9	12	31	13	12

PRINCETON.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Karge, p.	0	0	0	2	2
Duffield, r. f.	0	2	0	2	0
Mann, 1st b.	1	1	7	0	1
Schenck, c.	0	1	9	0	6
Sheldon, s. s.	0	1	2	4	2
Clark, c. f.	0	1	0	0	0
Bergen, 2d b.	0	0	6	1	1
Wykoff, 3d b.	0	0	1	0	0
Day, r. f.	1	2	1	0	0
Totals	2	8	27	9	12

Orange	3	0	0	3	0	0	3	0	0—9
Princeton	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	0—2

Umpire, Mr. Wilbur Eggleston of Boston, Mass. Time, 2h.

In the afternoon they visited Elizabeth, and were there defeated by the score of 8 to 3.

PITTSFIELD vs. ALBANY.

July 5 the Pittsfields beat the Albanys at Albany, N. Y., though it would hardly be called a victory for the visitors, as the Albanys were short three of their regular nine, the vacancies being filled by local amateurs. Welch was unable to pitch, and Reipslager was suffering from a sore hand and lameness. However, had it not been for a base-running blunder, the score would have been passed ball in the fourth inning, the score would have been much closer.

ALBANY.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Reipslager, c.	4	0	0	6	1	2
Lavin, p.	4	0	1	2	3	2
Barber, 1st b.	3	0	1	3	0	1
Rocap, l. f.	4	0	1	3	0	1
H'holder, lb.	3	0	0	12	0	1
Fisher, s. s.	3	0	0	2	1	1
Fair, 3d b.	3	0	2	0	3	0
Thompson, rf	4	0	1	0	0	0
McCarrick, cf	4	0	1	0	0	0
Totals	32	0	7	27	10	7

PITTSFIELD.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Quilty, c.	5	0	1	6	2	3
Turtody, s. s.	4	0	0	1	2	0
Stevens, 1st b.	4	1	2	9	1	1
Hopper, c. f.	5	1	1	0	0	0
Anuis, l. f.	5	2	3	1	0	0
Latham, 3d b.	4	0	1	3	3	0
Dorgan, r. f.	4	0	0	3	0	0
Burns, p.	4	0	1	0	4	0
Totals	39	5	8	27	14	6

Albany.....0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—0
Pittsfield.....0 0 0 0 1 0 1 0 0—2

Two base hit, Latham. Umpire, Peter Clark. Time, 1h 55m.

HOBOKEN vs. JERSEY CITY.

The match between these co-operative nines at the Centennial Grounds on the morning of July 4 resulted as follows:

HOBOKEN.	K.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
McDermott, 2b.	1	1	2	2	1
Hatfield, 3d b.	0	1	2	2	1
Lawler, p.	0	1	3	5	1
Campbell, r. f.	0	0	1	0	0
W. Hadley, c. f.	1	0	0	0	0
Ganta, c.	2	1	5	1	1
Vallean, 1st b.	0	1	12	0	2
R. Hadley, l. f.	1	0	0	0	0
Kamuna, s. s.	1	1	0	6	1
Totals	6	7	27	19	9

JERSEY CITY.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
McCord, c. f.	0	0	1	0	0
Sweeney, 3b.	0	2	1	6	2
Esterbrook, p.	0	1	0	5	1
Poorman, 1st b.	1	1	10	1	1
Troy, 2d b.	1	2	1	3	0
Quinn, p.	0	1	1	0	7
Carroll, r. f.	0	1	3	0	0
Lewis, l. f.	0	0	1	1	0
Meehan, s. s.	0	1	0	2	2
Totals	2	9	18	18	13

Hoboken	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	6	0—6
Jersey City	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	0—2

Runs earned—Hoboken, 1; Jersey City, 4. Umpire, Mr Cotke. Time, 2h.

LOWELL vs. MANCHESTER.

It was an International game that was played at Lowell, Mass., July 4, and it was handsomely won by the home nine. Game was called at 8.30 A. M. by Mr. Hennessey of Manchester, and Frank Whitney stepped first to the plate, Hawes being unable to play. After considerable "monkeying" by Leary, during which time Whitney was twice severely hit by the ball, the striker sent the leather to Woodhead and was retired at first. Foley then gave Woodhead a chance, but the ball was fumbled and thrown low to Snigg, and Foley took second. Arch. Whitney retired, and Plimpton hit for a base which enabled Foley to score. Thompson now dropped a short fly just out of reach, and Plimpton took second and third, and scored on Hawkes' failure to field Sullivan's hard hit. Wright fouled to Keiley. These two runs were duplicated in the third by safe hits by Plimpton, Sullivan and Wright, and errors by Sullivan and Hawkes. In the fourth Arth. Whitney went all the way round on errors by Snigg and Sullivan. Nothing more was done by the Lowells at run-getting till the eighth, when Booth hit for a beauty baser after Knight had retired on a fly; Frank Whitney followed with another hit, and Foley brought the both home by a long drive to right centre, he taking third in a vain attempt to capture Whitney at the plate. Arth. Whitney now put in a baser, and Foley scored the third earned run. Plimpton and Thompson retired in succession. The Manchesters earned a run in the fifth, and one in the eighth, Sullivan and Leary each hitting safely, and both were brought home by sacrifice hits of Snigg and Foley. Hamilton's pitching in this game was a feature. In the seventh, with only one out and three men on bases, O'Leary slipped up, and "swelled the atmosphere" three times, which enabled Sullivan to double up both the striker and Woodhead, who was forced home. Arth. Whitney captured a long foul-bound while on the dead run, which was a pretty piece of fielding. Plimpton's play was him many friends. Keiley's catching was good, as was Leary's pitching, while Sullivan of the Manchesters seemed to be playing against hard luck.

LOWELL.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
McCord, l. f.	5	0	2	0	1	0
Sweeney, 1b.	5	0	1	1	0	0
Esterbr'k, s. s.	5	0	1	3	2	1
Poorman, p.	5	1	1	2	2	0
Troy, 2d b.	5	1	2	2	3	0
Quinn, 3d b.	5	1	1	2	0	2
Carroll, r. f.	5	0	0	2	0	0
Lewis, c. f.	5	0	1	1	0	0
Meehan, c.	5	0	0	11	4	2
Totals	45	3	9	24	12	5

MANCHEST'R.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Kelley, c.	4	0	0	4	2	1
O'Rourke, lf	5	0	2	1	0	0
O'Leary, c. f.	5	0	0	1	1	1
Leary, p.	4	2	1	1	3	0
Snigg, 1st b.	4	0	0	11	1	2
Hawkes, 2d b.	4	0	0	1	2	2
Hawkes, 3d b.	4	0	1	1	2	1
Rowen, s. s.	4	1	2	1	2	0
Totals	37	2	7	27	13	11

Lowell	2	0	2	1	0	0	0	3	0—8
Manchester	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0—2

First base by errors—Lowell, 7; Manchester, 4. Earned runs—Lowell, 3; Manchester, 2. Struck out—Arth. Whitney, Plimpton, O'Rourke, Snigg, Woodhed, O'Leary (2) Double-plays—Sullivan and Plimpton. Umpire, Peter Hennesey of Manchester. Time, 2h. 10m.

The afternoon nine Lowells visited Manchester, N. H., and scored their third International game with the home nine. Cogswell's batting was the principal feature in the Manchesters, he proving a failure as regards batting in this game. Foley pitched well, but was batted harder than in the previous game; Plimpton again played a fine game, and Booth at second "scooped" everything in his direction. Foley was a hero at the bat.

LOWELL.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
F. Whit'y, l. f.	6	1	0	3	0	0
Foley, p.	5	2	1	1	1	0
A. Whit'y, 3b	4	1	2	1	1	0
Plimpton, 1b	5	0	0	11	1	0
Thompson, c. f.	5	0	0	2	0	0
Sullivan, c.	5	0	2	8	1	0
Wright, s. s.	5	0	1	0	3	2
Knight, r. f.	5	0	1	2	0	0
Booth, 2d b.	6	1	2	7	2	0
Totals	47	6	12	30	14	3

MANCHEST'R.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Darl'm'le, l. f.	3	1	0	1	0	0
Peters, 2d b.	3	0	1	3	2	0
Goodm'n, 1b	3	0	1	3	2	0
Weaver, p.	3	1	1	2	4	1
Redmond, s. s.	3	0	0	1	2	0
Delan, 2d b.	3	0	0	1	2	2
Manch'r, c.	2	0	0	2	2	0
McD'rm't, c. f.	1	0	0	1	0	0
Sawyer, r. f.	3	0	1	0	1	0
Totals	31	1	3	27	18	25

New Bedford	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0—1
Hartford	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1—1

Earned runs—New Bedford, 1; Hartford, 1. Two-base hits—Gore, Reilly, O'Brien, Cone. Three-base hits—Purrington, Birchall. First base on errors—New Bedford, 8; Hartford, 1. Double-play—Davis and Piggott. Umpire, Charles F. Phillips, New Bedford. Time, 1h. 46m.

A special train, with one hundred excursionists, took the two nines to Fleetwood, where this contest were the pitching of Dallon, the catching of Cottrell, and the magnificent baseplaying of Robinson, Carty and Hamblen for the Bostons, the pitching of Goodman, the catching of Hunt, the third-base play of Compton, and the splendid left fielding of Condon. The game was close and exciting until the close of the fifth inning, when the Bostons called at the bat, and pounded the ball all over the field, winning easily. During the progress of the game a large raised platform near the grand stand, erected for the exhibition of tableau's on the evening, broke down with the unexpected weight of human beings, injuring several persons severely.

ROANE.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Dalton	5	4	3	3	5	2
Mulligan	5	3	2	1	4	2
Hamblen	5	2	3	1	4	0
Carty	5	0	1	2	4	0
Adams	5	0	1	2	0	0
Upchurch	5	1	1	0	0	0
Smith	5	1	1	0	0	0
Robinson	4	0	1	16	0	0
Cottrell	4	1	1	4	5	5
Totals	43	12	13	27	20	10

Roane	1	0	0	0	0	1	0	5	1—8
Boston	0	0	0	0	1	0	2	2	0—5

Earned runs—Roane, 1; Boston, 2. Two-base hits—Goodman and Bennett has been re-engaged. His shoulder troubles him some in his throwing, but behind the bat Bennett plays ball. A change has taken place in the management. The old officers resigned, and the board elected W. P. Rogers to "run the club." If there is any baseball ability in the Milwaukee Club, Mr. Rogers will bring it out. The baseball public here are well satisfied with Bennett's return to the club, and also with the installation of a competent managing head. These matters will make a large improvement in the attendance. The score of their game with the Bostons July 4 is subjoined.

BOSTON.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Wright, s. s.	4	1	1	1	3	0
Leonard, l. f.	4	0	0	0	0	0
O'Rou'e, c. f.	4	0	0	2	0	1
Mann'g, r. f.	4	1	2	2	0	0
Burdock, 2b.	4	1	2	0	6	0
Sutton, 3b.	4	1	2	0	2	0
Morrill, 1b.	4	0	1	15	0	0
Bond, p.	4	0	0	0	5	1
Snyder, c.	4	0	0	3	1	0
Totals	36	3	6	27	17	2

MILW'K'E.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Dalrym'le, l. f.	3	1	0	1	0	0
Peters, 2d b.	3	0	1	3	2	0
Good'n, 1b.	3	0	0	11	0	2
Foley, 3d b.	3	0	0	2	3	0
Weaver, p.	3	1	1	2	4	1
Redm'd, s. s.	3	0	1	0	2	1
Bennett, c.	4	0	0	7	1	0
Holbert, r. f.	4	0	1	2	2	2
Golden, c. f.	4	0	0	2	0	0
Totals	30	2	4	27	14	7

Boston	0	0	0	0	0	1	2	0	0—3
Milwaukee	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	0—2

Umpire, Hugh Duffy. Time, 2h.

Carriages were immediately taken for the hotel, a good dinner eaten, and both clubs and friends steamed away for Providence, R. I., where they arrived at 3.30, commenced game at 4, and played two hours with the following result. Bradley and Reilly pitched and caught the whole game there, seven innings in Taunton and three in New Bedford.

N. BEDF'D.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Gore, c. f.	5	0	1	2	0	0
Reilly, c.	5	0	2	2	2	0
Piggott, 3d b	5	3	2	4	1	0
Bradley, p.	6	1	3	0	8	0
Reilly, c.	5	1	2	9	0	1
Birchall, 1st b	5	1	2	9	0	1
Davis, 2d b.	5	2	2	2	4	0
Mutrie, s. s.	5	0	0	1	2	0
Purrington, l. f.	5	1	2	1	1	0
Totals	47	18	15	27	18	6

HARTFORD.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Dair'mple, l. f.	5	0	0	3	0	1
Barratt, lf. ss.	4	1	1	0	0	2
McCabe, 2b.	4	0	0	5	1	0
Peters, 2d b.	5	1	1	1	6	2
Goodman, 1b	5	1	2	11	0	0
Cone, s. s.	4	1	1	1	0	3
Gilmore, 1b.	4	0	0	2	5	3
Weaver, p.	4	0	0	0	2	0
Sawyer, r. f.	3	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	38	4	5	27	14	11

New Bedford	2	0	0	4	3	3	0	4—18
Hartford	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	2—3

Earned runs—New Bedford, 2. Two-base hit—Ezra. Three-base hit—Piggott, 12; Hartford, 3. Double-plays—Burchall, O'Brien. Umpire, Charles F. Phillips. Time, 2h. The nines were somewhat fatigued after the hard game, but Gore of the New Bedfords rendered a ball in the eventh inning. It is a greater feat than was ever before attempted in this line, and New Bedfords justly feel proud over their showing, and at only making seven errors in a game of nine innings. They contemplate making another trip to Washington, D. C., to try another game with the Nationals—a game which will draw out the full strength of the Washington Capitals, their games in May mirrors of excitement, and the New Bedfords by their gentlemanly deportment becoming very popular there.

TOURNAMENT FOR PRIZES.

The offer of a prize of $100 in gold for the best baseball club, the games to be played at Chattanooga, Tenn., July 4, brought together, probably, the largest assemblage of people ever seen on a ball ground in Tennessee. The first game came off at 9 A. M., upon the dispatching of which the Lincoln Club of Cleveland, and resulted in the success of the Lincks by the following score:

Linck	2	0	1	2	3—8
Cleveland	0	0	0	4	2—6

The second game took place at the same hour, on the C. S. barracks grounds, between the Knoxville Reds and the Huntsville

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JULY 13, 1878.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No Answers by Mail or Telegraph.

G. E. J., Louisville.—"There is a man on third base and one at the bat; the man at the bat strikes and misses the ball; the catcher fails to hold ball, and it strikes the umpire, who is standing behind the catcher. In the meantime the runner comes home, the catcher gets the ball and touches the base-runner before he crosses the home plate. Is he out or is it a passed ball? There were no ground rules made before the game, and there was a fence behind the catcher." .... The ball having "passed" the catcher—that is, missed by him—could not be made dead by striking the umpire; consequently, the runner was legally put out. The rule should make every ball hitting the umpire and bounding back, or being stopped, dead.

TEACHER.—A Hero and there a lady is employed, but it is far indoor work especially fit for that sex. There has been but one exception, to our knowledge, and that remarkable woman has always commanded special facilities for quick-stroke reporting. 2. A good school-teacher in the city commands much the better salary, year in and year out. 3. There is no position for which there are not far more applicants than can be accommodated. 4. The Almighty intended woman to make home happy by her presence, and that is why she cannot saw wood or report boating and baseball as well as man. 5. Courtney is, but we do not think that either Morris or Plaisted is.

ENORS, 17, Dorchester.—"1. Two clubs are playing baseball; there is a base-runner on second and one on third; the one on third has his feet on the base, and the other on second stands right near third and gets his foot on it. Who is entitled to the base? 2. A runner on second and one on third, both playing wide; the runner on second steals to third; the runner on third not being on his base. Who is entitled to the base? And is the runner on third forced?" .... The runner on third was entitled to the base in both cases. The man on second could not serve off the runner on third unless he himself was forced off by the action of the batter.

J. E. P., Chicago.—The peculiar wording of the bet rendered at least a start for a second heat indispensable. The starting of one horse would have sufficed. Ten Broeck having distanced McCarthy in the first heat, neither started for the second; there was consequently no action on the bet, and it is void, unless there is a special rule of the Louisville Jockey Club to the contrary. As to that we cannot now speak. It would have been different if the bet had been that the horse winning the first heat would also win the race.

INQUIRY, Baltimore.—1. You should write to the owner, unless your friend is wagering on the indisputable fact that a horse that was thirty-two months old in April last was a three years old on the 1st of January last, as the ages of horses are computed for turf purposes. 2. Neither is right as to the ground it takes to lay out a mile track properly; and as to the money-betting question, it is merely a question of figures, and can be solved by a thousand people in your neighborhood. We have no time for mathematical propositions.

EDGAR CAMP, Sharpsburg Springs.—1. Cannot say whether Goodall can broke 300 glass balls in 25 minutes at Columbus, O.; but he probably did, as he gave exhibitions in various places last year, undertaking, among other things, to break 300 balls in 30 minutes, and usually doing it in from 20 to 24 minutes. At Providence he broke 300 in 19min. 35sec. 2. We do not know that he issued such a challenge, and it is not probable that he did—certainly not in England.

J. M. G., Negaunee.—They are probably worth nothing more than their face. It is a great mistake popularly in England in supposing that coins derive much added value from their age. It is to their scarcity they owe it—that is, in some years very few pieces of a certain denomination were coined. Address Bros. & Co., Fulton street, this city, for one of their prices current.

C. J. H., Wheeling.—**James Rentorth** was the champion sculler of England when **Walter Brown** rowed William Sadler on that title in 1861. Brown had been matched to row Joe Sadler for £100 a side, but was compelled to forfeit the entire stake on account of being badly afflicted with boils, and Sadler declining to accept £25 and postpone the match.

F. N. O'N., Toledo.—Creoles are not necessarily natives of Louisiana, nor need they be of mixed blood. The word has no longer a well-defined meaning, and there are still several kinds of creoles, among them the French creoles of Louisiana. Originally they were natives only of the West Indies or of Spanish America, descended from European ancestors.

MUSICUS.—There were no prizes given at the Boston Peace Jubilee to either the foreign or home bands contesting. A medal was struck and presented to each member of the vivalists, and the bands were paid by a commemorative token. This has led to the many errors in regard to prizes.

I. T. M., Quebec.—1. Jenny Franklin, who shot Mlle. Volante, was discharged by reason of the Coroner's jury bringing in a verdict of accidental shooting. 2 Song-and-dance, clog and jig dancers cannot command any salary until they have established a reputation in a public. Then their salaries would range from $20 to $75 per week.

C. M.—1. Pistols were purposely omitted from the statute in this State as to concealed weapons. During the past few months the pistol has been covered in this city by a local ordinance, or rather street-bureau regulation. 2. As the street-bureau is now also the police department, the latter can answer your queries by writing.

MCCARTHY, Cheshire.—At the four-ball game a player who is "frozen" can play on the ball to which his own is fast, by first playing away from it. That is, he is not compelled to hit another ball first. He can hit a fielder's ball, but need not even hit a cushion if he chooses to make a *masse*.

NO SIGNATURE, Toledo.—We do not care to decide this. In the first place, the language is vague. If the height of waves is meant, authorities differ as to that point. Then, again, there are unusual waves caused by unusual disturbances, which latter may not have been contemplated by either bettor.

J. EDWARDS, Baldwin.—*The Rowing Almanac* (English) gives the length of the course from Putney Aqueduct to Mortlake, on the Thames, as 4 miles and 1 furlong. Best time, 22m. 55s., by G. Tarryer. Higgins rowed from the Star and Garter, Putney, to Mortlake, in 23m. 2s.

M. J. C., Cambridge.—Edward Trickett never rowed against John Hughes. The only race in which Trickett has appeared outside of Australian waters was that in which he defeated Joseph Sadler, then champion of England, on the Thames course.

READER, Black Hawk.—1. Adah Isaacs Menken made her debut on the stage when a child, as a dancer, at the French Opera house, New Orleans, La. 2. She died in Paris, France, Aug. 11, 1868. 3. She was married to the party named.

BUSINESS.—1. They have a local stock company in Salt Lake City, Utah. 2. Probably not. 3. Tryon and Rice are the managers of the Howard Athenæum, Boston, Mass., for Isaac B. Rich. 4. There will probably be no stock company engaged for Galveston, Texas, next season.

AMATEUR.—All dramatic performances, amateur or otherwise, to which admission is obtained by paying money, must be licensed. If the performances are free, no license is needed, and you can put up all the scenery you see fit. The license-fee is $500 per year, or $250 for six months.

A. B., East Palestine.—Your best plan to procure a play suitable for a military company to perform in would be to advertise for one in these columns. Many such have been published; but we have not the address of their authors or owners.

J. T. J.—His name is Wilson, not *Nilson*. 1. Manager of a theatrical company. 2. We know nothing of his responsibility. 3. He has been in management of traveling companies for the past twenty-five years. 4, 5. We prefer not to give advice upon such matters.

J. L., Holyoke.—The first game having been mutually drawn, in order that both clubs might catch a train, the bet is off. It is therefore not material as to the second game. Less than five innings having been played in that, however, it was no game.

W. J.—The raffle having been begun on the date fixed, could not justly be suspended and resumed on another day. The chances of the two parties who were alleged to have been absent should have been thrown that Saturday night by the proprietors of the raffle.

SYRACUSE.—If 8 bet that the Indianapolis would win, it is a draw. If, however, he merely took the negative of A's proposition, the latter loses, assuming that the game was not given by mutual consent.

A. N., St. Louis.—1. The Chapman Sisters have played in variety theatres. 2 Blanche Chapman first appeared on the stage as Eva in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in 1854, in Wood's Theatre, Cincinnati, O.

G. H., Cleveland.—Not out; it was a fair ball, as it did not "roll" to fair ground. 2. Two—Douglas and Arthur.

JOHN S.—Write to Sol Smith Russell.

S. M., St. Paul.—1:39¾ for a mile.

COMFORT IN THE DOG-DAYS.

During these depressive days, dedicated to dogs, it becomes an interesting question how to live—to live so that we may find life tolerable in a world of dust and heat. When the mercury gets up among the nineties one needs to play the philosopher to keep from grumbling. If everybody could lie down in a darkened room, with a palm-leaf fan in hand and a claret-punch within easy reach—lie thus through the heat of the day, with nothing to do except possibly to turn the pages of a book and dream of Alaska—if everybody could do this, how delightful would it be! But everybody cannot do it. There is work to be done in July as well as January, and the hewers of wood and drawers of water must continue to hew and draw, whatever the temperature. To be sure, there is that small class of mankind which can afford to array itself in purple and fine linen, and to which the scorching suns of Summer bring no terrors; but it is only a small class. They who compose it can betake themselves to the seaside or mountains, and forget the turmoil of life in the bracing breezes and invigorating atmosphere of such resorts. It is to another and a very different class of people that THE CLIPPER has a word to say.

Admitting, what must be admitted, that the months of July and August are the most trying months in the year; that the death-list then is greatest; that disease, particularly here in the metropolis, is most prevalent—admitting these things, it behoves all sensible persons to consider how they may live through this critical period so as to escape illness, and retain their energies less limp than their linen. Perhaps the first and best rule to be laid down is that of temperance. This applies, let it be remembered, not only to intoxicating liquors, but to the indulgence of any appetite. We need to be temperate in eating, in working, and in thinking. The glutton courts disease as surely as does the drunkard; and the man who overstrains his faculties in these sweltering days may expect to pay a severe penalty. Allied to temperance, and forming, in fact, a part of it, is regularity. Franklin divided the twenty-four hours in the day into three parts—eight for work, eight for sleep, and eight for recreation. If one is forced to work more than eight hours out of the day, let him draw on his time for recreation, but not on the hours for sleep. As a people, Americans sleep too little. We gain nothing in the end by cheating nature. If we overtax our energies to-day, the morrow will present a heavy bill of damages, the payment of which cannot be escaped. Sound sleep does more to preserving health than all the bitters that can be drunk in a lifetime. Regularity, too, will give a man some leisure, however pressed he may be for time. If a certain hour is set apart for a certain duty, and that duty is performed, it becomes less and less irksome by the force of habit. Still, a third direction to be laid down for the dog-days is the taking of a proper amount of physical exercise. It is a mistake to assume that, because the muscles become lax and the energies flag in hot weather, the muscles and energies should be permitted to remain stagnant. All of us cannot become athletes, to run races, or pull an oar, or play a game at ball; but we may all find enough wholesome exercise in walking or working. Even in August the system is stimulated and sleep promoted by a proper use of the body. There are other virtues which may be practiced with advantage in midsummer, but we are inclined to believe that a man who will live regularly and temperately, paying due attention to outdoor exercise and to his food, will find life not only endurable, but pleasant. Most people pick flaws with the weather at all seasons of the year. The Winter is too cold, Spring is too wet, Summer is too hot, and the Autumn is too chilly. July and August, however, are the months when complaint becomes most general. And yet the fault is not altogether in the weather. The man who eats stale cucumbers and suffers from an attack of the cholera-morbus has no right to grumble because of the heat. The young lady who pays the penalty of midnight ices with a morning headache ought never to blame the mercury. And would it not be well, sometimes, to think of the blessings as well as the evils of dog-days. Assuredly there are some pleasant features about this season of midsummer. We have the exciting contests upon the ball-field, the neck-and-neck races on the turf, the cheer-inspiring regattas on river and lake. Then we have flowers and fruits, lingering twilights and cooling showers, glorious sunrise, verdant landscapes, and the rich promise of Autumn's bounty. And then, too, in the dog-days there are no cold feet, no frozen water-pipes, no snow-blockades. Pray, how would Herbert ever muster courage to court Anabel were there no Summer-nights, no moonlight strolls, no lingerings at the gate? Sentiment would freeze in his breast if the temperature about him were always wintry. We are a painfully practical people at best, and without the Summer's sun to thaw us out we should lose what little of poetry we possess, and become no better than the thrifty Esquimaux.

WE HAD two Sundays last week—the regular Sabbath-day and that given to us by our pious City Fathers on the 4th of July. Had these gentlemen taken a year to make the "Glorious Fourth" in this city a day of silence and unfourthofjulyishness, they could not have succeeded better. There was nothing to keep our own people at home, and nothing to attract the usual thousands from other cities, who on this occasion spent the day elsewhere. Hundreds of thousands of dollars were in this way diverted from New York, and directed in other channels. With the exception of an occasional cracker discharged by the small boy while the policeman's attention was taken up with other matters, the great metropolis had no pyrotechnics on Independence Day, and the evening of the day was as quiet and solemn as a funeral. What with having our canals tapped, our railroads dissected, our commerce distributed among other cities, and our 4th of July converted into a silent Sabbath, the once great Empire City is placed in as humiliating a position as is Turkey in the Congress at Berlin. Every city of any account, New York excepted, had some attraction on the 4th of July, in the way of regattas, turf contests, balloon-ascensions, etc., and all had their usual display of fireworks. We venture to predict that New York will not be silent another 4th of July.

FRUITFUL of sporting events was Fourth-of-July week, not only in this country, but in England, where, on the 4th and 5th of July, our Columbia College boys gained vast renown by defeating several first-class University crews. The Sho-wae-cae-mettes gave a good account of themselves on the 4th, but circumstances over which Jo. Nadeau had no control on the 5th deprived the crew of his services, and they were beaten by the London Club. Throughout the length and breadth of the United States the lovers of sport were gratified as they had never been gratified before, and the "Glorious Fourth" may be set down as a red-letter day everywhere except in the great metropolis, which was as dull and quiet as a cow!

CALIFORNIA must feel very much mortified over the fiasco of her fast racer Mollie McCarthy. Cutting out the pace for the purpose of cutting out Ten Broeck proved to be labor lost, as the Kentucky horse kept on the move just as fast as the mare could make it; and when the latter was completely pumped out, Ten Broeck had still a little more "go" in him.

IF YOUR MEMORY or ours is not greatly at fault, you should have no difficulty in recalling the opinion we gave several months ago, that if ever the Columbia crew should meet the English college boys on the Thames they'd lay 'em out cold! You remember! And yet we make no claim to *extraordinary* foresight.

FOURTH OF JULY was a "field" day for Young America at Hoboken, when they put the drag on St. George and flung them out without mercy, thus making a new haul for the unfiery drabs of the Quaker City. Young America was of age on that day, when they reached their majority of twenty-one.

NOTWITHSTANDING the extreme heat of the past week, with the thermometer at 92° in the shade on the 5th, William Sexton *froze* to Schaefer's forfeit of one thousand dollars without turning a hair!

HOT CORN is nearly ripe—a few more days, oh, ye weary-of-waiting lovers of the succulent cob, and the rich tones of ye peripatetic vender may once more be heard in the land. Wait a little longer.

IT IS just possible that a change of diet from California oats to Kentucky blue grass is what caused Mollie McCarthy to "perish in her little bowels" on the 4th of July.

LET'S get up a corner-stone for a Washington monument before this city loses sight of the fact that there ever was such a man as George.

RICHARD COLLINS, Cambridge.—See answer to "M. J. C."

SUBSCRIBER.—More running races, in our opinion.

CIGAR, Rochester.—You lose, under our rule.

PASSAIC.—Have advertised the letter for her.

CASSINO, Catskill.—You can play that way.

CARRIE F.—It is not quite up to the mark.

JOHN.—Write to Sol Smith Russell.

S. M., St. Paul.—1:39¾ for a mile.

What Caused It.

Sho-wae-cae-mette, let none forget,
All life, and fun, and frolic,
On the 4th went by, to victory;
But died, the 8th, of colic!

IT IS to be hoped that the second-officer of the vessel that carried off that school of girls for Europe is a steady, reliable man, for it is probable that the captain will have been talked to death before the voyage is ended.

THE MOTTO of the Sho-wae-cae-mettes is said to be "Get there." They got there on the Glorious Fourth, but failed to stay there!

TRADE in Buffalo robes was very dull during the past week, and dealers talk seriously of closing up for the season!

NEWS OF THE WEEK BOILED DOWN.

*** July 1: The Government of the District of Columbia organized..... Opening of the Brooklyn, Flatbush and Coney Island Railroad..... Two men garroted Thomas Buckley, treasurer of the Albia Knitting Mill Company, on a horse-car near Troy, N. Y., robbing $3,000, intended for paying the hands..... $21,000 stolen from an express-messenger's bag on the way to Painesville, O..... Emma Bethel attempts suicide in Philadelphia..... Col. Alvah Buckbee of Elmira, N. Y., shot his wife and mother-in-law, and then blew his brains out..... John Williamson, a policeman of Middletown, N. Y., committed suicide to avoid arrest for arson..... Harley G. Brown, who was arrested for having a train near Clay's mount, Del., confessed his crime..... A serious Indian outbreak near Canon City, Oregon..... Cable: An Austrian army 60,000 strong prepared to march into Bosnia; Mehemet Ali complains in strong terms of the treatment Turkey is receiving from the Congress; Bessarabia ceded to Russia, and Roumania and Montenegro declared free; 1,200 communists allowed remission or commutation of punishment in honor of the Exposition fete at Paris..... City: Mrs. Wertheimer's body discovered—"found drowned;" Michael Tobin sentenced to death; General Hancock and the Atlantic Division Headquarters transferred to Governor's Island; one of the four boys accused of being train-wreckers acquitted; John Berrian, superintendent of the Croton Aqueduct, thrown from his wagon near Kingsbridge and killed; Wm. Kennedy shoots and kills Dennis Mahony in a barroom brawl in Water street; thermometer ranged to 95 degrees..... Fires: The Ugland Works, Riverside, N. J.—loss $2,000.

*** July 2: A number of the mills at Fall River, Mass., shutting down..... Chas. E. Lord, recently in the employ of Morse Brothers, wholesale grocers, Boston, Mass., confesses to stealing $10,000 worth of goods..... Conductor Dean, Deadwood attacked by robbers—a passenger resists, shoots, and is shot..... Jas. S. Bedlow, superintendent of the Western Union Telegraph Company, Portland, Me., saves a girl's life and loses his own in the water..... The rend rock manufactory of Rand & Co., at Preakness, N. J., destroyed—no lives lost..... Fighting going on with the Indians in John Day Valley, Oregon..... The movement against agricultural machinery reaching alarming proportions in Ohio and Indiana—scores of machines destroyed..... The Fall-river Print Works suspend—liabilities about $150,000..... The strike of the wood hands in Utica, N. Y., ended..... A number of army officers retired..... A coroner's jury declared that Mrs. Mary E. Hubbard of Gravesend, L. I., was poisoned by her husband..... Henry D. Rothermel, cashier of the Mount Carmel (Pa.) Savings bank, commits suicide in the banking office..... Seventeen persons injured by a run following the failing of a mass of slate in Hook's mine, near Caseyville, Ky..... $12,000 in bonds boldly stolen from Graves & Audt's clothing store, Philadelphia, Pa..... Fifteen cars of a train of the Boston, Concord and Montreal Railroad wrecked at Forrest Crossing, near Tilton, N. H.—the fireman and engineer injured..... Cable: The Berlin Congress nearly through with its business; the indemnity and the navigation of the Danube under consideration; Turkish assent to Austria's occupation of Bosnia; slight rioting in Marseilles, France—religious troubles; 15 persons arrested in connection with Dr. Nobiling's attempt upon the Emperor William's life liberated; the Greek Ministry offer their resignations..... City: Frank Lang tramps from Albany, Syracuse and Rochester, and gives here from exposure and starvation; a petition presented to the Grand Jury complaining of the noise of the Metropolitan Railway trains; Geo. F. Howell, a discharged clerk, charged with a business-card fraud..... Fires, without apparent cause..... Fires: Destruction of the steamboat Capital City at Memphis, Tenn.—an elevator also consumed—two lives lost—loss $250,000; Chas. Pfizer & Co.'s chemical works, Williamsburg..... Fireman Lang injured by burning chemicals—loss $3,000; four stores at Jacksonville, Fla.—loss $30,000: Theodore Cook's saw mill, Pelham, Mass.—loss $3,000; Wm. Woodson, grocer, and several buildings at Poultney, Vt.—loss $10,000, insurance $6,000.

*** July 3: Peter Finlay, a sign-painter, murdered by Jas. Franklin, a carman, at the Highland Hotel, Fort Branch, N. J..... Rev. Father Kreusch of Wheeling, W. Va., brings suit against Rev. Father Casanova for $20,000 damages because of libel..... Emma Bethel, who was acquitted of attempting suicide, attempts to kill the Bishop at Berlin..... An attempt was made at Sweetsburg, Quebec, to assassinate E. H. Goff, president of the Scotch, Portland and Richmond Railroad..... Benj. W. Hunter found guilty at Camden, N. J., of the murder of John W. Armstrong—$20,000 insurance on his victim the motive..... David Trumbull and Col. Chas. M. Cox drowned in New London Sound while canoeing..... Celebration at Wyoming of the Centennial anniversary of the Wyoming Massacre on the battlefield..... Capture of one of the Philadelphia bond-thieves in Jersey City, N. J., after an exciting chase..... George Mitchell, a third-officer on the ocean steamship Scythia, committed suicide in his room on board the steamer at Jersey City..... The Coroner conducts the inquest in the case of Mrs. Mary Hutchinson, killed in the recent affray, in absolute secrecy—the Mayor and deputy marshals give bonds..... The German Savings Institution, Quincy, Ill., suspended..... Great flood in the Delaware River..... Cable: Austria-Hungary to send 140,000 men into Bosnia—the Porte strives to make the occupation conditional; General Todleben is preparing to withdraw from Adrianople..... City: Patrick Murphy, a discharged servant, stabs Mrs. Mary Jones; the thermometer touched its highest point in the shade at 95 degrees; the police of several precincts enforced the fire-work ordinance; Jas. Gordon Bennett's steamer, the Fresh, French's boarding-house, at North Hampton, N. H.—Alger Towle, a hired man, burned to death—loss $5,000, insurance $2,800; Jas. Trickner's house, Americus, Ga.—loss $5,000, insurance $2,500; Hall, Bros. & Co.'s establishment, San Francisco, Cal.—loss $30,000.

*** July 4: Terrific Summer storm—at Pittsburg a flour-mill struck by lightning, and the Western Pennsylvanian railroad tracks washed away—a tree on a picnic-party at Ross Grove, a few miles up the Allegheny, killing ten persons and wounding fifteen—a picnic party struck by lightning, Bridgeton, N. J.—an old lady killed and several persons injured..... Wm. McGill, an inventive mechanic, shoots his employers, the brothers Armstrong, at Port Deposit, Md., and kills himself..... Wm. Mallor, an Inspector on the Welland Canal, Canada, shot his wife in both arms while attempting to murder her..... The Umatillas fighting the Snake Indians..... Geo. Mallor accidentally shot in Philadelphia, Pa., by his son..... E. S. Calhoun, treasurer of the Peters & Calhoun Company of New York, arrested in Newark, N. J., charged with embezzlement and fraud..... The national holiday generally well celebrated—important ceremonies took place at Wilkesbarre, Pa., and Philadelphia, Pa., and Woodstock, Ct.; the President at Wilkesbarre..... Cable: The Austrians are to enter the Turkish Provinces at two points simultaneously, advancing slowly to give the Turks time to retire; Batoum to be given to Russia; Cyprus, the Pandora, Jas. Gordon Bennett's steamer, rechristened the Jeannette at Havre; Prince Bismarck considers that Russia is entitled to Bessarabia..... City: A quiet celebration of the day—but few fireworks to be seen; the prohibitory ordinance generally respected, few accidents, and only thirty-one arrests; steamboat Grand Republic run into and sunk in small harbor near Seventy-fourth street—the crew escaped; Jas. Dougherty, a butcher, stabbed and killed by an unknown man in a street fight; the Socialists have a small turnout here and a large gathering in Brooklyn..... Fires: The Tata Oil Works, Keyley's Run, Pa., struck by lightning—loss $100,000; Alex. Ayres' barn and outhouses in Metuchin, N. J.—loss $2,000; Crosier's dwelling and barns, Binghamton, N. Y.—loss $5,000, insurance $2,000.

*** July 5: A safe, stolen from M. Richards of Rothrockville, Pa., found in a pit not far away, with its contents, $2,000, intact..... Attempt to extort money to enter a house near Jamestown, N. Y., mistaken for a burglar and fatally shot..... Mary Ellen Dotoher killed by a stray bullet from a rifle-range near Lighthouse Point, Ct..... Attempted Vitriol throwing at Salem, Mass., and fatal heart..... The house of Abner Connor, at Sandy Creek Village, Pa., containing himself, wife and child, a Mr. Bogart, a stranger, and a hired girl, burned down, and all drowned..... Patrick Horan of Carbondale shoots and kills his brother Michael during a drunken brawl..... A blacksmith named Stewart, at Steubenville, O., kills Geo. McMann, injures his son fatally, and dangerously wounds another man..... Dick Dawson hanged at Thomaston, Ga., and A. H. Burklow at Vienna, Ill.—Moses Green sent to prison for life at Atlanta, Ga., for murder..... Major Wm. Woodson, late of the Associated Press at Memphis, Tenn., run over by a horse-car and killed..... President Diaz of Mexico to be asked to use his vigilance to suppress the Lerdo revolt..... The Mayor of Montreal empowered to forbid any public assemblage on the Orange Anniversary..... A burglar and a murderer attempt to escape from Raymond street Jail, Brooklyn..... Mrs. Dorothy Pilkington, of Philadelphia, left a legacy of $700,000..... Mrs. Laura Wilson, while standing at her own door at Weehawken, N. J., shot and dangerously wounded..... Jarid Lewis, a Brotherly Love packing-house, Chicago, Ill., exploded, killing the engineer..... Jos. Fisher, a merliatt shouts himself in Brooklyn, N. Y., because of business troubles..... A large number of forest fires in Canada, etc..... Cable: Austria-Hungary to occupy Bosnia, according Batoum; Bismarck proposes to convert it into a free city; the claims of Greece to a share in the provinces of Turkey scouted..... City: Thomas Duffy beats his wife into a dying condition; Inspector Walling in regard to the street-car strike; Mrs. Bedlow, superintendent of the Western Union Telegraph Company, Portland, Me., saves a girl's life and loses his own in the water..... The rend rock manufactory of Rand & Co., at Preakness, N. J., destroyed—no lives lost..... Fighting going on with the Indians in John Day Valley, Oregon..... The movement against agricultural machinery reaching alarming proportions in Ohio and Indiana—scores of machines destroyed..... The Fall-river Print Works suspend—liabilities about $150,000..... The strike of the wood hands in Utica, N. Y., ended..... A number of army officers retired..... A coroner's jury declared that Mrs. Mary E. Hubbard of Gravesend, L. I., was poisoned by her husband..... Henry D. Rothermel, cashier of the Mount Carmel (Pa.) Savings bank, commits suicide in the banking office..... Seventeen persons injured by a run following the failing of a mass of slate in Hook's mine, near Caseyville, Ky..... $12,000 in bonds boldly stolen from Graves & Audt's clothing store, Philadelphia, Pa..... Fifteen cars of a train of the Boston, Concord and Montreal Railroad wrecked at Forrest Crossing, near Tilton, N. H.—the fireman and engineer injured..... Cable: The Berlin Congress nearly through with its business; the indemnity and the navigation of the Danube under consideration; Turkish assent to Austria's occupation of Bosnia; slight rioting in Marseilles, France—religious troubles; 15 persons arrested in connection with Dr. Nobiling's attempt upon the Emperor William's life liberated; the Greek Ministry offer their resignations..... City: Frank Lang tramps from Albany, Syracuse and Rochester, and gives here from exposure and starvation; a petition presented to the Grand Jury complaining of the noise of the Metropolitan Railway trains; Geo. F. Howell, a discharged clerk, charged with a business-card fraud..... Fires, without apparent cause..... Fires: Destruction of the steamboat Capital City at Memphis, Tenn.—an elevator also consumed—two lives lost—loss $250,000; Chas. Pfizer & Co.'s chemical works, Williamsburg..... Fireman Lang injured by burning chemicals—loss $3,000; four stores at Jacksonville, Fla.—loss $30,000: Theodore Cook's saw mill, Pelham, Mass.—loss $3,000; Wm. Woodson, grocer, and several buildings at Poultney, Vt.—loss $10,000, insurance $6,000.

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*** July 4: Terrific Summer storm—at Pittsburg a flour-mill struck by lightning, and the Western Pennsylvanian railroad tracks washed away—a tree on a picnic-party at Ross Grove, a few miles up the Allegheny, killing ten persons and wounding fifteen—a picnic party struck by lightning, Bridgeton, N. J.—an old lady killed and several persons injured..... Wm. McGill, an inventive mechanic, shoots his employers, the brothers Armstrong, at Port Deposit, Md., and kills himself..... Wm. Mallor, an Inspector on the Welland Canal, Canada, shot his wife in both arms while attempting to murder her..... The Umatillas fighting the Snake Indians..... Geo. Mallor accidentally shot in Philadelphia, Pa., by his son..... E. S. Calhoun, treasurer of the Peters & Calhoun Company of New York, arrested in Newark, N. J., charged with embezzlement and fraud..... The national holiday generally well celebrated—important ceremonies took place at Wilkesbarre, Pa., and Philadelphia, Pa., and Woodstock, Ct.; the President at Wilkesbarre..... Cable: The Austrians are to enter the Turkish Provinces at two points simultaneously, advancing slowly to give the Turks time to retire; Batoum to be given to Russia; Cyprus, the Pandora, Jas. Gordon Bennett's steamer, rechristened the Jeannette at Havre; Prince Bismarck considers that Russia is entitled to Bessarabia..... City: A quiet celebration of the day—but few fireworks to be seen; the prohibitory ordinance generally respected, few accidents, and only thirty-one arrests; steamboat Grand Republic run into and sunk in small harbor near Seventy-fourth street—the crew escaped; Jas. Dougherty, a butcher, stabbed and killed by an unknown man in a street fight; the Socialists have a small turnout here and a large gathering in Brooklyn..... Fires: The Tata Oil Works, Keyley's Run, Pa., struck by lightning—loss $100,000; Alex. Ayres' barn and outhouses in Metuchin, N. J.—loss $2,000; Crosier's dwelling and barns, Binghamton, N. Y.—loss $5,000, insurance $2,000.

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BASEBALL.

MATCHES TO BE PLAYED.

INTERNATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP.

July 8, Manchester vs. Utica, at Utica.
July 8, Star vs. Rochester, at Rochester.
July 9, Star vs. Tecumseh, at London.
July 10, Star vs. Tecumseh, at London.
July 10, Manchester vs. Rochester, at Rochester.
July 11, Manchester vs. Rochester, at Rochester.
July 11, Lowell vs. Utica, at Utica.
July 11, Star vs. Buffalo, at Buffalo.
July 12, Manchester vs. Tecumseh, at London.
July 13, Manchester vs. Tecumseh, at London.
July 13, Lowell vs. Rochester, at Rochester.

LEAGUE CHAMPIONSHIP.

July 9, Cincinnati vs. Providence, at Cincinnati.
July 9, Milwaukee vs. Chicago, at Chicago.
July 9, Boston vs. St. Louis, at St. Louis.
July 11, Providence vs. Cincinnati, at Cincinnati.
July 11, Milwaukee vs. Chicago, at Chicago.
July 11, Boston vs. St. Louis, at St. Louis.
July 13, Providence vs. Cincinnati, at Cincinnati.
July 13, Boston vs. St. Louis, at St. Louis.
July 13, Milwaukee vs. Chicago, at Chicago.

LOCAL GAMES.

July 8, Hartford vs. Witoka, at Centennial Grounds.
July 9, Hartford vs. Jersey City, at Centennial Grounds.
July 10, Hartford vs. New York nine, at Centen'l Grounds.
July 11, Hartford vs. Resolute, at Elizabeth.
July 11, Hartford vs. Orange, at Orange.
July 13, Hartford vs. Flyaway, at Fleetwood.

PHILADELPHIA GAMES.

July 9, Athletic vs. Schuster, at Twenty-fourth street and Ridge avenue.
July 11, Athletic vs. Cricket of Binghamton, at Twenty-fourth street and Ridge avenue.
July 11, Alert vs. Young America, at Wayne Station, Germantown.
July 13, Alert vs. Excelsior, at Frankford.

THE INTERNATIONAL RECORD.

The record of the International championship up to July 7, inclusive, shows the Buffalos in the van, with the Stars second and the Tecumsehs third, as will be seen by the appended table:

No.	Club.	Won.	Lost.	Played.	Per ct.
1	Buffalo	19	10	29	.655
2	Star	18	5	23	.783
3	Tecumseh	17	11	28	.607
4	Lowell	15	8	23	.652
5	Utica	15	13	28	.536
6	Hornell	15	13	28	
7	Manchester	13	9	22	
8	Rochester	13	14	27	
	Lost	11	10	17	17

A summary of the above places the clubs in the following relative positions in won games:

No.	Club.	Won.	Lost.	Played.	Per ct.
1	Buffalo	19	10	29	.655
2	Tecumseh	17	11	28	.607
3	Chicago	16	13	29	.551
4	Star	18	5	23	.783
5	Lowell	15	8	23	.652
6	Milwaukee	7	8	21	.467
7	Cincinnati	6	14	20	.300
8	Boston	4	16	20	.200

THE LEAGUE RECORD.

The following is the record of the League championship games for June, 1878:

June 1,	Chicago vs. Boston, at Boston	3 to 2
June 1,	Providence vs. Milwaukee, at Providence	14 to 7
June 1,	Indianapolis vs. Cincinnati, at Cincinnati	6 to 5
June 3,	Chicago vs. Boston, at Boston	3 to 2
June 3,	Providence vs. Milwaukee, at Providence	5 to 2
June 4,	Chicago vs. Providence, at Providence	2 to 1
June 4,	Boston vs. Milwaukee, at Boston	3 to 1
June 5,	Cincinnati vs. Indianapolis, at Cincinnati	11 to 3
June 6,	Cincinnati vs. Indianapolis, at Cincinnati	11 to 4
June 6,	Boston vs. Milwaukee, at Boston	16 to 5
June 7,	Providence vs. Providence	17 to 10
June 11,	Boston vs. Indianapolis, at Boston	3 to 0
June 12,	Chicago vs. Milwaukee, at Chicago (10 in.)	4 to 3
June 13,	Milwaukee vs. Chicago, at Chicago	10 to 7
June 13,	Cincinnati vs. Providence, at Providence (6 in.)	2 to 0
June 13,	Boston vs. Indianapolis, at Boston	4 to 1
June 14,	Cincinnati vs. Providence, at Providence	4 to 3
June 14,	Boston vs. Indianapolis, at Boston	2 to 1
June 15,	Chicago vs. Milwaukee, at Chicago	12 to 2
June 15,	Cincinnati vs. Providence, at Providence	12 to 3
June 17,	Boston vs. Cincinnati, at Boston	7 to 1
June 18,	Milwaukee vs. Chicago, at Milwaukee	7 to 3
June 19,	Providence vs. Indianapolis, at Providence	9 to 3
June 20,	Boston vs. Cincinnati, at Boston	6 to 1
June 20,	Providence vs. Indianapolis, at Providence	8 to 3
June 20,	Chicago vs. Milwaukee, at Milwaukee	9 to 7
June 22,	Chicago vs. Milwaukee, at Milwaukee	14 to 3
June 25,	Boston vs. Chicago, at Chicago	7 to 3
June 26,	Milwaukee vs. Milwaukee, at Milwaukee	11 to 4
June 26,	Indianapolis vs. Cincinnati, at Indianapolis	5 to 1
June 27,	Chicago vs. Boston, at Chicago	16 to 2
June 27,	Milwaukee vs. Providence, at Milwaukee	7 to 3
June 27,	Indianapolis vs. Cincinnati, at Indianapolis	7 to 3
June 28,	Indianapolis vs. Cincinnati, at Indianapolis	9 to 3
June 29,	Indianapolis vs. Cincinnati, at India'apolis	10 to 2
June 29,	Chicago vs. Boston, at Chicago	9 to 5

Totals of 36 games 274 121

Average of winning nines, 7 and 22/100 over; average of losing nines, 3 and 13 over.

PROSPECT PARK CHAMPIONSHIP.

The contests for the Park pennant do not progress very rapidly, as they are only played on Saturdays and not always then. Thus far the Nameless Club holds the lead, as will be seen by the appended table:

	Nameless.	Winona.	Putnam.	Seneca.	Polytechnic.	Games lost.	Series lost.	Won.	Lost.	Played.	Per ct.
Nameless		1	1	2	1	5	1	5	1	6	.833
Winona	1		0	0	0	1	0	1	0	1	1.000
Putnam	1	1		0	0	2	1	2	1	3	.666
Seneca	0	1	1		0	2	1	1	2	3	.333
Polytechnic	0	0	1	1		2	1	1	2	3	.333
Games lost	1	2	3	3	2			8	6		
Series lost	0	0	1	0	1						

The record of the games played to date is as follows:

May 11, Nameless vs. Putnam	19 to 4
May 11, Polytechnic vs. Seneca	6
May 18, Nameless vs. Seneca	9 to 4
May 25, Putnam vs. Seneca	23 to 5
May 25, Nameless vs. Polytechnic	23 to 10
June 15, Nameless vs. Seneca	12 to 5
June 22, Winona vs. Nameless (10 innings)	4 to 1
July 6, Nameless vs. Winona	16 to 1

Nameless is the only club that has played a series, and the winners of the most series of best two out of three decides the championship.

HOLYOKE vs. CLIPPER.

In a game with the Clippers of Easthampton, at Holyoke, Mass., July 6, the home nine shattered the visitors, who made but one run, of a fumble by Snyder, and hit for three bases only.

HOLYOKE.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Sullivan, c. f.	0	0	0	0	0	0
Winch't'r, 2b	0	2	2	3	2	1
Donovan, 1b	0	1	0	10	3	0
Sawyer, 3d b.	0	1	0	1	3	0
Driscoll, p.	0	2	2	0	14	0
McL'ghlin, ss	0	2	2	0	1	1
Lynde, l. f.	0	1	0	0	0	0
Hull, r. f.	0	1	2	0	1	1
Bergh, c.	0	1	1	4	13	3
Totals	0	9	11	18	37	6

CLIPPER.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
M. Daily, r. f.	0	0	0	0	0	2
Couch, s. s.	0	0	0	4	0	1
Kelly, c.	0	0	0	4	0	0
Burke, p.	0	0	0	4	0	0
Buckner, 1b.	0	0	0	12	0	1
Moore, p.	0	0	0	0	2	0
W. Daily, c. f.	0	0	0	1	3	0
Judd, 2d b.	0	0	0	6	4	1
McGrath, c.	0	0	0	1	2	2
Houston, 3b.	0	0	0	1	1	4
Totals	0	0	0	33	12	11

Holyoke..... 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—0
Clipper..... 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1—1

Earned runs—Holyoke, 4. First base on errors—Holyoke, 7; Clipper, 5.

STAR vs. WHITE CAPS.

Another game was played at Millville, N. J., July 4, between the Stars of Vineland and the White Caps of Millville, resulting as follows:

STAR.	R.	WHITE CAPS.	R.
Dederick, 3d b	2	Poole, s. s	0
Stevens, c	0	Harris, l. f	0
Byram, c	2	Wegan, 3d b	2
Doane, 1st b	1	Summerman, p	1
Howe, r. f	0	Hoy, r. f	0
Nash, l. f	0	Pennington, c	0
O'Brien, c. f	0	Bomhoff, 2d b	0
Cunningham, 2d b	0	Stokes, c. f	0
Worden, s. s	2	Mattick, 1st b	0
Total	7	Total	3

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Star	3	1	0	1	0	2	0	1	0—8
White Caps	0	2	1	0	0	1	0	1	0—3

Umpire, J. B. French. Time, 1h. 30m.

PRINCETON vs. ORANGE AND ELIZABETH.

On July 4 the Princeton College nine visited Orange, N. J., and in a match with the local professional nine in the morning were defeated:

ORANGE.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Clare, 3d b	2	2	2	2	0
Taylor, l. f	2	2	3	1	0
Brown, 2d b	2	1	1	4	1
Ward, r. f	1	1	0	0	0
Smith, c. f	0	2	0	0	0
Ruie, p	0	0	0	2	4
Smullen, s. s	0	0	2	3	0
Thompson, c	0	0	4	1	0
Dunne, 1st b	1	2	13	0	0
Totals	9	12	27	13	12

PRINCETON.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Orange	3	0	3	0	0—9
Princeton	0	0	0	0	0—0

Umpire, Mr. Wilbur Ernerston of Boston, Mass. Time, 2h.

In the afternoon they visited Elizabeth, and were there defeated by the score of 8 to 3.

PITTSFIELD vs. ALBANY.

July 5 the Pittsfields beat the Albanys at Albany, N. Y., though it could hardly be called a victory for the visitors, as the Albanys were short three of their regular nine, the vacancies being filled by local amateurs. Welch was unavailable to pitch, and Reipslager was suffering from a sore hand and lameness. However, had it not been for a passed ball in the fourth inning, the score would have been much closer:

ALBANY.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Reipslager, c.	0	0	0	6	1	2
Lavin, p.	0	0	1	2	3	2
Barker, 3d b.	0	0	0	1	2	1
Hosack, l. f.	0	0	1	3	0	1
H'holder, 1b.	0	0	0	12	0	1
Fisher, s. s.	0	0	0	1	2	1
Fair, 3d b	0	0	0	2	0	3
Thompson, rf	0	0	1	0	0	0
McCarrick, cf	0	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	0	0	3	27	8	10

PITTSFIELD.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Quilty, c.	0	0	1	6	2	3
Turbidy, s. s.	0	0	1	2	3	2
Stevens, 1st b	0	0	1	2	9	1
Hopper, c. f.	0	0	1	1	0	0
Annis, l. f.	0	0	1	3	2	1
Ricker, 2d b	0	0	0	3	3	0
Latham, 3d b	0	0	1	3	3	0
Dorgan, r. f.	0	0	0	3	2	0
Burns, p.	0	0	0	1	0	2
Totals	0	0	6	24	24	9

Albany..... 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—0
Pittsfield..... 0 0 0 0 1 0 0 0 0—1

Two-base hit, Latham. Umpire, Peter Clark. Time, 1h. 30m.

HOBOKEN vs. JERSEY CITY.

The match between these co-operative nines at the Centennial Grounds on the morning of July 4 resulted as follows:

HOBOKEN.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
McDermott, 2b	0	1	4	2	2
Hatfield, 3d b	0	0	2	2	1
Lawler, p	0	1	3	6	1
Campbell, r. f	0	0	0	0	0
W. Hadley, c. f	1	0	1	0	1
Gantz, c	2	1	5	1	1
Vallean, 1st b	0	1	12	0	2
R. Hadley, l. f	1	0	0	0	0
Kamena, s. s	1	1	0	6	1
Totals	4	6	27	19	9

JERSEY CITY.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
McCord, c. f	0	0	1	0	0	0
Sweeney, 3d b	2	1	6	2	3	3
Sweeney, 1st b	4	1	2	9	1	1
Campbell, r. f	0	0	0	0	0	0
Russel, c	0	0	1	3	0	0
Cassidy, r. f	4	3	2	2	0	0
Burnham, p	3	2	1	0	6	2
Hanlon, 3b	0	0	0	1	2	0
Remsen, c. f	5	1	8	4	1	0
Totals	19	10	27	21	13	6

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Hoboken	0	0	0	1	0	1	0	0	2—4
Jersey City	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	0—2

Earned runs—Hoboken, 1; Jersey City, 4. Umpire, Mr. Corke. Time, 2h.

STAR vs. EXCELSIOR.

The Excelsiors of Troy visited Fort Edward N. Y., July 4, to play the Stars of that place. The game was one of the best ever played in that vicinity, the Stars winning.

STAR.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
J. Lenn'n, l. f.	4	3	1	0	0	1
Russell, c.	4	0	0	8	6	3
F.G'dfel'w, p	4	0	0	2	10	0
J.G'dfel'w, s. s	4	1	1	0	2	0
Ryan, 3d b.	4	2	2	1	1	0
Dunn, c. f.	3	2	1	1	0	0
Curtis, 1st b.	4	1	2	8	1	3
Parish, r. f.	3	0	1	0	0	2
R. Lenn'n, 2b	3	1	0	7	0	2
Totals	34	10	8	27	20	11

EXCELSIOR.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Shamberg, l. f	3	0	0	1	0	0
Anderson, 1st b	3	2	1	9	0	0
Milligan, c	3	1	1	7	2	0
Ba'dw'n, 3d b	2	0	0	1	2	0
Gilbert, 2d b	3	0	0	2	3	0
Sweeney, c. f	2	0	0	1	0	0
Mintzer, s. s	3	0	0	1	3	0
Heenan, r. f	3	0	0	0	0	0
Morrison, p	3	0	0	0	3	0
Totals	25	3	2	22	13	0

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Star	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—10
Excelsior	0	0	0	1	0	2	0	0	0—3

Struck out—Star, 16 times; Excelsior, 4. Umpire, Geo. Snyder. Scorer, Chas. West. Time, 4h.

UTICA vs. STAR.

Two games were played by these New York State nines July 4, and in both of them the Uticas were victorious. In the first, which was a morning game, the Stars batted first, and by making one run while the home team were scoring five, although they excelled in batting, and the fielding was about equal; but the way in which the Uticas got in good hits in the third inning was the secret of their success.

UTICA.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Purcell, p.	4	1	2	2	2	1
Richa'n, c. f.	4	0	1	2	1	0
Richa'd, s. s.	4	1	2	1	5	1
Latham, 1b	4	1	1	12	0	0
Kennedy, l. f.	4	0	0	3	0	0
Mack, 2d b.	4	0	0	2	3	0
Smith, 3d b.	4	0	0	1	3	0
Roche, c.	4	0	0	1	3	0
Alcott, r. f.	4	1	1	1	0	0
Totals	36	5	7	27	15	6

STARS.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Dorgan, c. f.	4	0	1	4	1	1
Hotaling, c.	4	0	0	4	2	1
Farrell, 2b	4	0	1	1	4	0
Mansell, l. f.	4	0	0	0	0	0
McKinnon, 1b	4	0	0	7	0	1
McCormick, p	4	0	0	0	6	0
Tuthill, 3d b.	4	0	0	1	1	0
Bennett, 2d b.	4	0	2	4	1	2
Connolly, r. f.	4	0	0	0	0	0
Ryan, p.	4	0	0	0	1	0
Totals	34	1	9	27	12	6

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Utica	1	0	4	0	0	0	0	0	0—5
Stars	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0—1

Run earned—Utica, 1. First base on errors—Utica, 1; Star, 2. Two-base hits—McKinnon and Purcell. Umpire, A. E. Mathews. Time, 1h. 30m.

The second game took place at Syracuse after dinner, and was witnessed by some four thousand persons. The visitors gained another victory by superior play all around.

UTICA.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Purcell, p.	1	2	0	0	1
Richardson, c. f.	1	1	2	0	0
Richmond, s. s.	0	1	3	3	0
Latham, 1st b.	1	1	13	1	0
Kennedy, l. f.	0	0	3	0	0
Clack, 2d b.	0	1	3	6	0
Smith, 3d b.	0	0	1	3	0
Roche, c.	0	1	3	0	0
Alcott, r. f.	0	0	2	0	0
Totals	3	7	30	13	1

STARS.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Dorgan, c.	0	0	3	2	0
Hotaling, c. f.	1	2	2	0	0
Farrell, 2b	0	1	1	3	0
Mansell, l. f.	0	0	0	0	0
McKinnon, 1b	0	0	7	0	1
McCormick, p	0	0	0	4	0
Tuthill, 3d b.	0	0	0	2	0
Bennett, s. s.	0	0	1	1	0
Connolly, r. f.	0	0	0	0	0
Ryan, p.	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	1	3	14	12	1

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Utica	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	0	0—3
Stars	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0—1

Earned runs—Utica, 1; Stars, 1. First base on errors—Utica, 1; Stars, 1. Two-base hits—Richardson and Purcell. Umpire, Peter Clark. Time, 1h. 30m.

JERSEY CITY vs. HOBOKEN.

On the evening of July 4 these clubs played at the Centennial Grounds, Jersey City, the local team winning.

JERSEY CITY.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
M'D'm'tt, 2b	4	0	1	4	2	2
Hatfield, 3b	4	0	1	2	2	1
Steves, ss	4	0	0	3	3	1
Campbell, r. f.	5	0	0	0	0	0
W. Hadley, c. f.	4	1	0	1	0	1
Gantz, c.	4	1	1	7	1	0
Lathem, 3d b	4	0	1	2	0	2
R. Hadley, l. f.	4	0	0	0	0	0
Kamena, s. s.	3	0	1	1	3	1
Totals	37	2	5	20	11	7

HOBOKEN.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
McCord, c. f.	5	0	1	0	0	0
Sweeney, 3b	5	2	1	6	2	3
Sweeney, 1st b	4	1	1	12	0	0
Campbell, r. f.	4	0	0	0	0	0
Russel, c.	4	0	0	3	1	0
Cassidy, r. f.	4	0	0	0	0	0
Burnham, p.	4	0	0	0	6	1
Hanlon, 2b	4	0	0	2	2	0
Remsen, c. f.	4	0	0	1	0	0
Totals	39	3	3	24	11	4

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Jersey City	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	0—2
Hoboken	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3—3

Earned runs—Jersey City, 1. Umpire, Mr. Malone of the Flyaway Club. Time, 2h.

CHICAGO vs. PROVIDENCE.

Wholesale slaughter was the battle-cry of the Chicagos in their game with their Rhode Island visitors on the Grounds of the Chicago Association, while their opponents were guilty of numerous errors.

CHICAGO.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Eldridge, c.	0	0	0	3	1	0
Start, 1st b	0	2	3	10	0	1
Anson, l. f.	5	1	1	2	0	1
Ferguson, s. s.	6	2	4	1	2	0
Mc'Mel'n, 2b	5	2	2	2	4	0
Cassidy, r. f.	4	3	2	2	0	0
Murnan, 3b	4	0	0	6	1	1
Hague, 3b	4	0	0	2	4	1
Hankinson, p.	4	0	0	0	3	0
Remsen, c. f.	5	1	3	4	1	0
Totals	46	15	19	27	15	7

PROVIDENCE.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Schaffer, r. f.	4	0	1	1	0	0
York, l. f.	4	1	1	3	0	0
Brown, c.	4	2	2	7	3	2
Hines, c.	4	1	1	1	2	0
Carey, s. s.	4	0	1	2	0	3
Sweasy, 2d b.	4	0	0	3	3	1
Nichols, p.	4	0	0	0	2	0
Totals	37	4	6	17	10	6

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Chicago	1	0	4	0	2	0	8	0	0—15
Providence	0	1	0	2	0	0	0	0	1—4

Runs earned—Chicago, 7; Providence, 3. Two-base hits—Anson, Ferguson and Hines. Three-base hit—Cassidy. Umpire, Mr. Cassidy, of Chicago. Time, 2h. 15m.

STAR vs. EXCELSIOR.

The second game between these clubs was played at Fort Edward N. Y., July 6, and resulted in a victory for the Stars by the score of 10 to 4. The batting of both was rather light, the fielding being the best. The individual playing of Benson, Williams, Massleu and Welch of the Baltimore nine is worth mentioning, they playing a very fine game, especially Welch behind the bat, and Benson's play has proved him to be the best left-fielder that has ever played at Newington Park.

DEFIANCE.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Dolmyer, 1st b.	0	0	16	1	1
Landis, c. f.	0	1	0	1	0
Slater, l. f.	0	0	1	1	0
McCartney, 2d b.	0	0	0	4	3
Fusselbach, c.	0	0	4	3	0
Ganester, 3d b.	0	0	0	1	1
Kourke, s. s.	0	0	0	1	1
Reynolds, p.	0	0	2	0	0
Tomlinson, r. f.	0	0	1	0	0
Totals	0	1	27	12	6

BALTIMORE.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Williams, 2d b.	0	1	1	1	1
Welch, c.	0	1	6	0	0
Smith, 1st b.	1	1	12	1	0
Massleu, 3d b.	1	1	1	2	0
Malone, s. s.	1	2	1	0	0
Barrett, r. f.	0	0	0	0	0
Benton, l. f.	1	1	3	0	0
Hildebrand, c. f.	0	0	1	0	0
Haddock, p.	0	0	0	1	0
Totals	4	7	27	5	1

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Defiance	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0
Baltimore	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	2—4

Earned runs—Baltimore, 2. Umpire, Wm. Laughlin. Time, 2h. 10m.

GAMES AT PROSPECT PARK.

The Nameless and Winona Clubs of Brooklyn met again in the Prospect Park championship arena on July 6, and a large crowd were present expecting to see another closely contested game. This time, however, the Winonas suffered a signal defeat at the hands of the Nameless team.

NAMELESS.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Glade, s. s.	1	2	0	3	1
Palmer, s. s.	0	0	0	2	1
Smith, c.	2	1	9	2	2
Nelson, c. f.	1	0	0	0	0
Bunce, 1st b.	1	0	0	1	0
Bedford, p.	2	1	1	1	1
Crosby, l. f.	3	2	1	0	1
Benner, c. f.	2	2	0	0	0
Arthurs, 3d b.	1	2	0	1	0
Totals	16	13	27	10	6

WINONA.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Flinn, c., 1st b.	0	1	7	0	3
Palmer, s. s.	0	0	4	5	0
Sweat, 1st b., c.	0	1	7	0	4
Gill, l. f.	0	1	2	2	0
Thetford, 3d b.	0	0	1	2	1
Bennett, 2d b.	0	2	4	1	2
Spencer, l. f.	0	0	0	0	0
Connolly, r. f.	0	0	0	0	0
Ryan, p.	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	0	5	27	10	10

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Nameless	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0
Winona	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0—1

Earned runs—Nameless, 3; Winona, 0. First base by errors—Nameless, 12; Winona, 3. Umpire, J. Raleigh of Hudson Institute. Time, 2h.

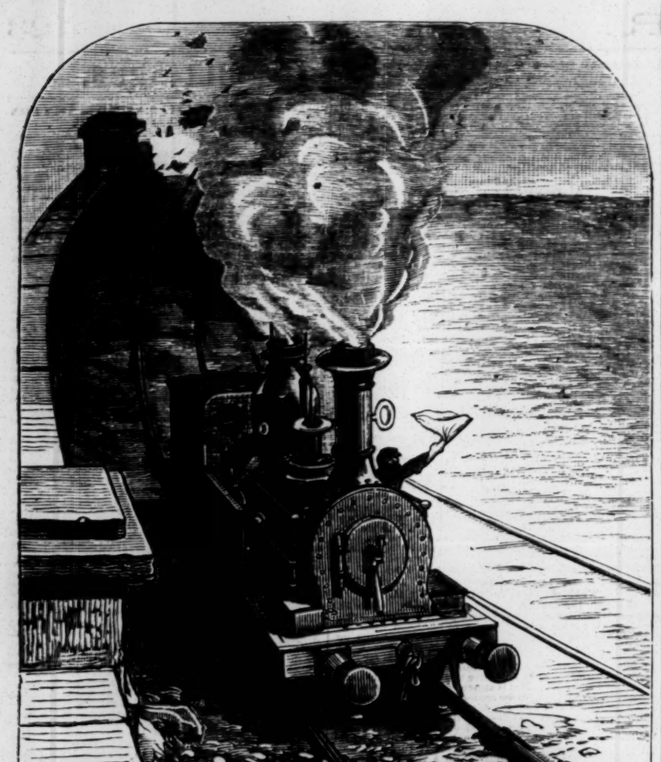
A match was played the same day on an adjoining field between the Boarders and Excelsiors, the latter winning by 31 to 6. The contest was marked by 27 fielding errors, ten of which were by the winning nine.

JERSEY CITY vs. HOBOKEN.

On the evening of July 4 these clubs played at the Centennial Grounds, Jersey City, the local team winning.

JERSEY CITY.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
M'D'm'tt, 2b	4	0	1	4	2	2
Hatfield, 3b	4	0	1	2	2	1
Steves, ss	4	0	0	3	3	1
Campbell, r. f.	5	0	0	0	0	0
W. Hadley, cf	4	1	0	1	0	1
Gantz, c.	4	1	1	7	1	0
Lathem, 3d b	4	0	1	2	0	2
R. Hadley, l. f	4	0	0	0	0	0
Kamena, s. s.	3	0	1	1	3	1
Totals	37	2	5	20	11	7

HOBOKEN.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
McCord, c. f.	5	0	1	0	0	0
Sweeney, 3b	5	2	1	6	2	3
Sweeney, 1st b	4



A RACE FOR LIFE

CHAPTER I.—THE MESSAGE.

"My dear fellow, I am delighted to see you!" exclaimed my friend McCausland, as he met me at the door of his house.

I had gone on a visit to Holmesdale, a little town in the north of England. McCausland was engineer to the water company there, and had invited me to go down for a week.

After the usual interval for dressing, we sat down to an excellent little dinner. Not unnaturally, the conversation turned upon the weather.

"I am sorry this rain continues," said McCausland; "it spoils my water-supply. People bully me as if I could help it."

"Are your reservoirs near the town?" I asked.

"No," he replied; "away in the hills. We can go over to-morrow, if you like. I'm due there."

The excursion was arranged. We agreed to start at eleven o'clock next morning, and we started punctually.

We pursued our way up the hill, and, crossing the brow, reached a small inn. Here we found a country gig awaiting us. Into this we clambered, and proceeded along a wooded by-road, stony and rutful. At length, when hope had almost given way to bad language, we pulled up at another small inn, called "The Reservoir." We got out of the gig gladly. An engineer foreman hurried up and accosted us politely.

"Is all right, Johnson?" inquired McCausland.

"Yes, all is right; but ——"

"Well, but what?"

"I don't quite like the South Reservoir embankment," was the reply.

McCausland turned pale to his very lips.

"Come with me," he said abruptly.

We hurried after him in silence, and with a strange dread upon us.

We soon came in sight of the extensive embankment which confined the waters of the largest of the three reservoirs of the Holmesdale Company. A fresh breeze was blowing the water in small though noisy waves against the paved top of the bank. Here and there a tongue of liquid spat upon the stonework, and at one spot it trickled down into and apparently came through the grass.

"This is the spot I was looking at this morning," said Johnson.

"You had better have a few men to puddle up this," said McCausland, indicating a tiny crack that would have escaped less experienced eyes.

We then continued our inspection, but during our progress round the works the wind had moaned themselves in wild grandeur above the hills, and lay heavily upon the Apps valley in front. The railroad crossed the valley on a graceful viaduct near Ammering Junction. The dark, slaty clouds hung suspended over this district. Long tendrils of the scud came forth from them like fingers. These clutched now at a tree, now at a solitary rock, now swept up again a larger mass of cloud to place upon the ground—ever stealing onward and downward, leaving all in its stealthy track dark and foggy. A low, moaning sound was in the air. It was not the wind, for the breeze had strangely lulled. The trees scarcely moved, yet the water rolled up against the reservoir banks as if agitated by an unseen wheel. We all seemed conscious of the disturbance of the atmospheric conditions, and the leaves whispered strange confidences to the motionless boughs above our heads.

The men had all gone up to the reservoirs. McCausland and I sat chatting together.

"Do you think you could find your way back alone?" he asked suddenly.

"Why?" I said. "Do you intend to remain here? Is there any danger?"

"Well, scarcely that; but I think I ought to be on the spot. I will return to-morrow or next day."

"Cannot I stay too?"

"Certainly, if you desire it. We rough it up here, though."

"I do not mind that," I replied.

Fortunate it was that I did remain. As we were preparing to visit the sluices again we were startled by a vivid flash of lightning, which had hardly passed when the rocks rang out with a thousand thunder-echoes. This was the signal. The windows of heaven opened, and a perfect deluge descended upon the devoted valley. The little brooks leaped up and danced down the hill-sides in white array. Tiny waterfalls swelled themselves into cataracts, and foamed down to the streams. The wind blew up from its sleep and forced great rolling waves across the coping of the reservoirs, and stones and grass became commingled. Now the sluices were all opened, and the long-imprisoned water gladly dashed out from its prison to meet its native river once again. The channel of the Holmesdale soon stream filled with water, divided on the hill. But still the men worked hard amid the gathering gloom and thunder by lantern-light, and nature rested not that live-long night. But I turned in and got some sleep, in defiance of the elemental war without. At five o'clock in the morning, as the gray light was struggling into life, McCausland came to call me fully dressed, into my room. I started up.

"Dress yourself as quickly as you can, and come downstairs," he said. I began to ask questions. "Lose no time, there's a good fellow; I want your assistance." He left the room.

I jumped up at once, hurried to the window and looked out. Day was just breaking through the misty sky, and all the world was raining. The water was plashing from the eaves, and, mingling with the heavy drops, burst into a separate stream in every rut and furrow. The wind beat the tall trees and roared amid the branches. Ever and anon a sharp snap denoted a bough torn from its place and whirled to the soaking earth. I dressed quickly and joined McCausland in the little parlor. He was studying a private copy of the railroad time-table, which, as an official, he always carried.

"Will you take the horse and ride down to Ammering Junction with a message?"

His collected manner assured me. Was this all? A ride through the rain was not much.

"Of course I will go."

He grasped my hand firmly.

"Are you nervous?" he said, as he held it in his own steady grasp.

"Nonsense," I replied, laughing. "I'll be ready in five minutes, if it's important. Is the horse here?"

I ran up for my waterproofs. When I came down the horse was at the door, and McCausland inspecting him. I mounted.

"Now," I said, "for this great message, if you please."

McCausland's tone had something very solemn in it as he replied:

"Tell the station-master at Ammering Junction, and any people you see, that the South Reservoir will not last three hours. It will burst down the valley, and will destroy the Apps Viaduct, and carry away the bridges on the Holmesdale branch. Stop the traffic and save the passengers. God bless you; and, hark ye, *ride for your life.* I will fire the signal-cannon as a warning. Good-bye."

CHAPTER II.—A WILD RIDE.

Mechanically I gathered up the reins, nodded to McCausland, for I was too stupefied to reply in words, and started upon my wild ride. Three hours hence and the water would be pouring down the valley through which my course lay. No wonder I had to ride for my life, and perhaps the lives of hundreds of my fellow-creatures depended on mine. Ammering Junction was some miles away. My route lay through an unknown country, across moorland intersected by flooded streams and swept by the fierce wind and rain.

I must do it, I thought, as my horse picked his cautious way amid the loose stones down the steep by-road we had ascended the previous day. I should need all my strength, though, to execute my task, so I pressed on. A valuable slice out of my time had been expended when I reached the broad highway and urged my horse to speed. I had to turn off again, I knew, but I fancied I should easily find the path. Besides, was there not a sign-post? Therefore, urged by dreadful tidings, and with the fierce wind and biting rains by turns and all together assailing me, I urged my horse onward. I reached the turning and pulled up to read the direction I should take. I nearly fainted with horror as I read. The fatal finger pointed up the cross-road I was pursuing—"To Holmesdale and Seaham." The opposite index pointed—"To Ruddall and Ammering." I could scarce credit my senses. Surely, I was right! We had come up the previous day, and up the hill to the reservoirs. I had merely to reverse the course we had traversed. At that moment, if you will believe me, the true state of the case, and my own stupidity, flashed upon me. We had come from Holmesdale; I was now bound for Ammering, which lay at the opposite side.

This was a terrible mistake. It was now past six o'clock. One of the three precious hours had elapsed, and I was farther from Ammering than when I started. I was seized with despair. What ever could I do now? Two hours remained, and I had three up-hill miles to ride, and then about seven more across the moor before I could reach the junction, and before that the trains might have started, and then ——

I burst out into a cold perspiration at the thought, and then, desperate and only half-conscious, I rode madly back to the Ammering road and up the hill again. But the storm-fiend was abroad, and had arrayed all his forces against me.

As we gained the more open ground the blast came down with such violence as to stagger us. It tore across the hillside, and whizzed and hissed amongst the gorse and swaying grass. The rain came down more determinedly than ever. At length I reached a small cluster of stone cottages, and halted under the eaves of the last one to take breath for a fresh struggle over the moor, which lay before me. A straight road lay over it—a good road, but crossed at intervals by rapid streams which had overflowed their usual limits, and swelled over their boundaries in all the pride of "spate" across the flinty stones which had defied them all the Summer long. The summits of the neighboring hills were shrouded in a veil of rain, but far in advance, on the level, I could trace the railroad-line. From the elevation at which I stood I could trace the channel of the Apps River down the valley, and could guess the spot at which the flood would strike the railroad, and the branch-line over the spur of the hill. I could just distinguish the junction in the middle distance. A dark smoke appeared to be rising from it: an engine, perhaps, waiting to start with a train, and I was lingering on the hill. All this, and more, I could perceive as I rested on the summit. Somewhat refreshed, I rode manfully forward into the storm.

How my horse kept his feet I do not to this hour understand. The wind, which had been high before, appeared to have gathered force while I rested, and it rushed across the track terrifically. Pebbles were frequently blown across the road, and every pool had its waves, like a miniature sea. Some helpless crows were blown over my head, and a sinister-looking raven skimmed the moor close by, uttering a weird croak, which fell upon my ears like a knell and chilled my blood. I was quite alone, not a human being in sight, but suddenly the whistle of a locomotive was carried to my ears. An engine moved out of the station. Another whistle shortly afterwards. That train was safe. I watched it glide away over the viaduct. Five minutes later I rode into the station and called for the station-master. As I dismounted the clock struck eight. The time was up, and no signal from McCausland. Telegraphing would now be easy. A porter came out in answer to my summons.

"I'm sorry ye lost the express," he began.

"I don't want the train," I replied; "I must telegraph at once, though. Where is the station-master?"

"He'll be here in a minute. But ye can't telegraph. The wires is blown down. We had to send a 'pilot' with the express to clear the line to Handleigh."

"Not telegraph! I tell you, man, I *must* stop the traffic. The South Holmesdale Reservoir will burst this very hour."

"Can that be true?" inquired a cool, gentlemanly man at my elbow. It was the station-master himself.

"True?" I echoed. "It is only too true. I have ridden to tell you. *We must stop the trains!*"

"The excursion leaves Handleigh at 8.05," mused the station-master. "There may be time; come with me."

He crossed the line and entered a shed opposite. I followed. Just then a loud, booming sound rent the air. The sound came back from the hills like thunder.

"It is the signal!" I exclaimed. "The water is out. Heaven help us now!"

The station-master called out. A cleaner appeared.

"Is that engine ready?"

"Yes, sir; waiting for the excursion."

"Run and open the points. Now, sir, get up."

I obeyed mechanically, and before I quite realized the situation we had crossed to the up-line. The station-master stopped to get a red flag and give a few instructions to his subordinate. I now perceived that we were to race the flood. Steam vs. Water. Which would conquer?

A whistle: we started. "The flood, the flood!" shouted the porter. We turned one glance up the valley. A moving brown wall, capped with a snowy ridge, was tearing down to the devoted viaduct. No time to lose. "Go ahead!" cried the station-master. I turned on steam, put the lever over another "notch," and the race began.

We flew along the metals. A few minutes would decide it. We must get to the viaduct and over it first, or the excursion, unwarned, would dash to destruction. A depression in the ground ran beside the railroad for a short distance. We trusted to this to turn the velocity of the approaching water. It was an exciting race, and one never to be forgotten. On rolled the flood. We were running "neck-and-neck" for one terrible half-minute. Now the resistless flood bore directly to the bridge. Stones were rolled before it like marbles. Trunks of trees, hay-stacks, debris of every description, came headlong down upon the doomed structure. We fled like lightning over the rails. Our speed told now. Sparks flew from the chimney. Another "notch"—the beat of the piston quickened to an almost inconceivable rapidity. We were on the bridge. Hurrah! The curling wave beneath seemed to spring forward. It broke against the buttresses. In a second we were across. I shut off steam, the station-master put down the brakes. A tearing, rending sound, that was not the brakes—a crash! We looked back. The line dropped behind us like a stage-trap. The bridge gave way, and with a roar that was heard two miles off the pretty viaduct was swept away by the boiling, furious water.

We were truly thankful for our narrow escape. And now to save the excursion. Speeding forward again, whistling like a demon, our good engine—Vigilant by name—soon came in sight of the excursion-train. By waving our red flag we averted another danger—a collision. The telegraph-posts being down, trains had to run upon the same line as far as Handleigh, but our timely action set all to rights at last.

We soon gave the bewildered passengers to understand the narrow escape they had had. Fervent and sincere were the thanks we received from all, except one man. He was escaping from justice, and was captured. From the elevated embankment we could trace the course of the flood for miles. The train put back to Handleigh, whence the passengers were forwarded by another company.

By the time we had arranged matters and returned to the broken viaduct the water had subsided. The work of destruction was complete, but a "breakdown" gang was quickly on the spot. A footway was constructed across the muddy river-bed, and trains stopped at both sides of the stream, the passengers exchanging from one to the other.

The loss of cattle and farm produce caused by that terrible flood was very great. Had the catastrophe occurred during the night, the loss of human life would have been appalling. As it was, some unfortunate people were drowned, but some had most marvelous escapes. The aspect of the country as I retraced my steps was deplorable. I could scarcely recognize the places I had passed in the morning.

I found McCausland and his staff at the reservoir awaiting me. He wrung my hand fervently, and said certain words that I shall not easily forget.

The viaduct was quickly rebuilt, but the station-master at Ammering does not forget the race of Steam vs. Water on the Vigilant locomotive.

Nor do I!

CHANSONETTE TO JULY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, BY FABE MARTIN.

Ah! here you are, with flashing eyes,
And your cheek of passion's hue,
'Mid a train of aerial symphonies,
In your garments of cloudless blue:
You come, with your spell upon earth and skies,
Over land and over sea,
In your warm maturity.

Dark is your brow from the hot sunbeam,
Swart child of a Southern clime,
Voluptuously marching o'er valley and stream,
Like glory enlightened by time;
You've come—I exult—my heart leaps at your name,
A thousand hearts spring,
A thousand songs ring.

At your sight Summer breathes of that Eden bright
For the Dead Sea apple given;
You strew amber and pearls with fingers of light
From the portals of eastern heaven;
And in chariot of purple the dew meets the night,
The pride of the year
In her golden career.

In your sunlit eyes do bask again!
Oh, kind is your presence to me
Since the east-wind blight made the blossoms vain,
And the flower that feeds the bee,
While nature is smiling over mountain and plain,
Over brook and sea,
In her beauty, joyously.

Dowagiac, Mich.

IN HONOR BOUND.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, BY DAVID A. CURTIS.

"Drunk again!"

And the pale, quiet-looking man stopped short on the threshold of an humble room in a tenement-house in one of the populous blocks of the great east-side of New York, and looked in utter despair at the figure of a woman who lay on the floor entirely unconscious, and reeking with the odors of vile liquor. For a moment he stood still, his face growing whiter and whiter, and his features wring with anguish. Twice he half turned away as if to leave the room. Surely there seemed no reason why he should not. There was little there, apparent to the eye, that could tie a man of sensibility. But more powerful than any mere attraction, sterner than the voice of outraged feeling, there sounded in his ear the behest of duty, and at length he walked slowly into the room, breathing a little curse indeed, but faltering no longer. Gently lifting his wife from the floor, he laid her on the bed, and, carefully undressing her, he laved her fevered features with cold water, arranged her disheveled hair, and, leaving her buried in sleep, turned to a little table where were pen, ink and paper. Seating himself, he wrote, revised and rewrote hour after hour, until the gray dawn came and slowly deepened into broad daylight. At length he dropped his pen and muttered:

"It is done. I can do no better. Another drop of heart's blood is gone, and, like all of my best work, this will be rejected, rejected, rejected, by one after another, till I tear it up, as I have the others, in sheer despair."

He gathered the loose sheets together, and, putting them in his pocket, walked to the bedside and gazed steadily on the face of the sleeping woman. She was young, and had been beautiful before the hard lines of recklessness had marked her face, and the soft, incarnadine tints had been deepened and made course by dissipation. Very graceful still was the contour of her form, and as he gazed on her, lying in the abandonment of sleep, a softer look came on his face.

And, as he sat on the broken chair by the bedside through the early morning hours, his thoughts went back over the past. He remembered how he, a mere boy then, had won and married pretty Alice Mayhew, thinking his talent fortune enough to satisfy their simple wants, and how they had come to the city in their insolent courage of inexperience, laughing at all warnings of the perils of which they were so ignorant. He remembered year by year the desperate struggle he had made for a bare subsistence, and the gradually declining hopes that had almost left him now, and which his wife had entirely relinquished. And he remembered how she had changed in his eyes during those five years—how he, growing into early manhood, and then, shortly, into the gravity of middle age, had learned that the beauty which had allured the boy was powerless to charm the man, and how fancy had failed to become love, and then he remembered how he had suddenly learned that she had given way to the temptation he had spurned, and had sought forgetfulness of her sorrow in drink. And how the habit of intoxication had grown and strengthened in her, and how it had dragged them both down. And how a divorce had come thus between them, more perfect than that of any court; yet he knew she loved him. He knew that, despite her terrible weakness—the token of a spirit coarse by nature, with her, his own had no real affinity—she still clung to his love as the only thing in life left to her. And, although he no longer loved her, but knew that his had been only a boy's fancy, he remembered that he had accepted from her the sacrifice of herself implied in marriage, and that the price remained for him to pay.

Frank Wilford was no ordinary man. Weak in many things, gifted—or cursed—with bright talents of most unserviceable kind, and without business faculty, he was a stern judge of himself, although by no means beyond the reach of temptation to dishonor. As he sat this morning, looking at his wife's flushed face, he was strongly tempted to walk away from her and never return. Many a stronger man than he would have done it, and would have thought himself justified by the circumstances; but Frank Wilford felt that his honor was involved, and his honor had never been stained.

At length she awoke. Her eyes fell on his as she opened them, and for a moment the glad look of ever-fresh affection that he knew so well lit up her face; then the swollen lids fell, and she burst into a passion of weeping. Not a muscle of his face moved. Sorrowful as he was, and grave as was his expression, there was no shadow of reproach or condemnation, nor was there the faintest look of pity there. Her tears, bitter as they were, could have no flow now; but his voice was even, and his touch tender, as he laid his ice-cold hand on her fevered brow and said:

"Good-morning, dear."

"O Frank!" she sobbed, as she seized his hand convulsively and covered it with kisses, "how can you forgive me? You are always so tender and patient, and you never reproach me, when you must curse me in your heart. Oh! I wish I was dead! I wish I was dead!"

"Hush, Alice, hush! You know I can never reproach you, when I am the one who has dragged you down to such poverty and hopelessness."

But his kindly sophistry had no effect. He knew it would have none, and perhaps did not care that it should have. She wept piteously for a while, but said nothing more.

A cup of coffee and a part of a loaf of bread which he bought with his last coin made their breakfast, and he started out, too nervous to take the sleep he needed, to see if he could dispose of the manuscript he had just finished, or get paid for a number of others he had submitted to different editors. To office after office he went, receiving back his rejected contributions in most instances, getting word from two editors that his manuscript would be used in due time, and paid for what was used, and being met by the statement that "the rules of the office forbade it" when he asked for a small sum as advance on his work in those two places.

At length he had gone his rounds, and paused on a corner to think what he should do to get food for himself and his wife. He had always shrunk from borrowing, but there was now no other resource for him, and he remembered a friend who would probably be able and willing to lend him a few dollars. That friend's office was far up Broadway, and, faint with hunger and nervous prostration, he started to walk thither. Latterly he had shunned Broadway, for his clothing had grown shabby, and he shrank from the glances of contempt and pity that his fancy pictured on the faces of passers-by. To-day, however, he was callous and indifferent, so he plodded wearily up the noisy street, only to find that his friend was out of town, and would not be back for a week.

Dizzy and confused, the exhausted man turned homeward, fiercely longing to shriek out in the street the pitiful details of his distress, cursing in his heart every prosperous-looking man he met, foolishly and ludicrously calculating how long he could support Alice and himself on the cost of the stitching on the backs of the kid gloves worn by the man who walked in front of him, regretting that he had ridden in the horse-cars on Monday of the last week, when by walking two miles he might have saved enough to buy the loaf of bread which would be so precious now, and confusedly wondering whether he would be able to get home without fainting, when a voice said:

"Why, Mr. Wilford, I'm so glad to have met you."

And, looking up, he saw Miss Margaret Halton's brown eyes fixed on his face with an earnest gaze that he could not interpret. But he bowed gracefully, being unable to do anything ungracefully, and replied:

"I appreciate the compliment, Miss Halton."

And he did. His vanity was gratified, at the same time that his sense of humor was tickled at the thought that this beautiful, wealthy, fashionable woman, whom he knew to be one of the belles of Murray Hill, should speak to him—a shabby, hungry man, without a penny in the world—in words that would have transported with delight the young swell who was looking across the street, expressing as much disdain as his single eye-glass was capable of expressing, at the sight of Miss Halton's pearl-gray glove resting in the shabby man's hand. But if anything more than the appreciation of a compliment occupied Frank Wilford's mind just then, it was not apparent in his face.

"You are polite enough to say so," she replied laughingly, "but you must pardon me if I am rude enough to doubt you. You have not called since the last reception you came to, and that was nearly a year ago. Are you not flattered? I am frank enough to tell you that I was sorry to lose sight of you, and I tried to hear from you, sir. I tormented Gerald Bodine with inquiries, until he said he was tired of your name; but he could learn nothing of you after you left the office of the ——"

While Miss Halton spoke rapidly, she approached her carriage, which stood by the curb, and, as Wilford replied lightly, lifting his hat at the same time, as if about to turn away, she interrupted him, saying:

"Oh, you are not to escape so readily. I have something of importance to say, and I am sure you can spare me half an hour. I am just going home, and I wish you would come with me." And again that strange expression came into the brown eyes, that were looking at him almost beseechingly.

"My half-hours are not so much in demand but that you are more than welcome to an indefinite number of them," he replied; "but will it not be better if I call some other time?"

"No, you must come now," she said, keeping up the manner of badinage, even while her eyes were so eloquent. "Remember," she continued, "it is leap-year, and you must not refuse."

And she stepped into the carriage. The footman was holding the door open for him, and, recklessly abandoning himself to circumstances, and grimly enjoying the humor of the situation, he stepped into the carriage, wondering as he did so what the prosperous-looking flunkey would say if he should ask him for the loan of a dollar. Which idea so amused him that he laughed aloud, and Miss Halton so far forgot herself as to look surprised just for one instant.

But she gave the order to the servant to drive home, and in a moment more they were traveling towards the mansion to which Wilford had been four times before.

One of Miss Halton's whims the Winter before had been to give receptions to literary people, to which he had been invited through Gerald Bodine, who had submitted several manuscripts to him when he was editor of the ——, which paper he had left on account of his inability to get any salary.

Since that time his poverty had grown so great as to affect his wardrobe, which had been his one extravagance for years—if it be extravagant for a poor man to dress well—and he had felt it impossible to call on Miss Halton, even if he had not resolved never to go again, on the evening of the last reception. And now, shabbier than ever, poorer than ever, and more than ever convinced of the danger of going there, he was going.

Miss Halton talked gayly and rapidly, giving him no chance to say anything until they reached her home and ascended the broad steps together. As they entered the door, she whispered an order to a servant, taking care that Wilford should not hear it, and then led the way to the great drawing-room.

Here they sat for some time, Miss Halton talking and laughing gayly, and Wilford, although nearly delirious with exhaustion and hunger, entering into the spirit of the occasion, and fairly matching her, who was not easily matched, in repartee. He was always a brilliant talker to a single auditor, and now his wit shone with unexampled brilliancy.

Suddenly some chance expression reminded Wilford of his wife, and an overpowering sense of the contrast between her and the woman before him, between his home and the room he was in, confused him. He paused a moment, and then said in a different tone, almost a different voice, from that in which he had been speaking:

"You wished to tell me something of importance, you said, Miss Halton. I fear my half-hour is nearly exhausted. What was it?"

Before Miss Halton could reply, a servant entered and said:

"Lunch is served, Miss Margaret."

She arose and said:

"You will lunch with me, will you not?"

And then she paused, startled and confused for once. For over his pallid face, suffusing even his brow and neck, there rushed a great crimson tide, and he drew himself up with a gesture eloquent of outraged pride. It was all an artifice, then, he thought. She had seen him in the street and had been struck with pity for his destitution, and had lured him thus to her parlor to give him alms, under this thin pretense of hospitality. Pity was to him unendurable from anyone—from her it was maddening. He opened his lips to speak, but for a moment his emotion mastered him, and no word sounded. The servant had left the room, as she saw by a hasty glance, and tremblingly she spoke in a low tone:

"O Mr. Wilford! pray do not be offended. I——"

But this confession acted like a douche on the morbidly sensitive man, and he spoke at once, clearly and in icy tones.

"Surely, I have no cause to be offended. I fail to understand you, Miss Halton; but, as I have already made a long call, I will not detain you from your lunch. It would give me pleasure to join you, but I—I have lunched already."

Bowing low, he turned to leave the parlor, but the excitement was too much for his exhausted strength, and he staggered, suddenly conscious of a dizziness that partially obscured his sight. He caught the back of a chair with his left hand, and raised his right to his eyes.

She was instantly at his side, with her arm almost around him.

"You are ill," she said. "Sit down a moment at least, till I get you a glass of wine."

"It is nothing," he said angrily, for his temper was aroused. "Let me go." And he would have gone had she not laid her hand on his arm with so firm a grasp that to have broken it he must have used violence.

"You shall not leave me so!" she said, almost as fiercely as he had spoken. "I have mortally offended your pride already, so I may as well speak plainly. Do you think you can hide the truth from my eyes? If I were a man, I could lend you such temporary aid as you may need. Being what I am, you must needs be offended, when I would give you my life if it would serve you. You shall not turn from me, I say."

Her face was as red as his had been a moment before; but she did not quail as he started, and looked searchingly into her eyes, as though to read what he read there was enough to make him fall back into his chair, cover his face with his hands, and groan as he murmured:

"My God! And this is what might have been."

She heard the words, and misinterpreted them. Knowing no barrier between them but the sensitiveness of his and striving with all his power to speak calmly, Wilford replied:

"Indeed I thank you kindly, very kindly, for your interest in me, although I assure you," and this was said very distinctly, "that I am entirely unaware of how I ever awakened that interest. But you are singularly mistaken in some way. I—I am not in need of any assistance." He could not lie without faltering, even under such stress, and he saw that she knew he was lying. Her lip curled involuntarily with scorn for what she deemed his false pride, and this stung him into plain speech. "Very well, then," he said, "if you will have the truth, listen to it. Destitute as I am, suffering as I do, I could not take assistance from you, not, as you suppose, because you are a woman, but because—I am ——"

"Stop!"

The single word of command stopped him, and for a moment there was silence. He looked up in her face, and, meeting a look that he could no longer misinterpret, his eyes sank, and he listened as if in a trance, powerless to interrupt the current of mad words that followed.

"It is a cruel thing," she said, "that I must speak the words that should be yours. Yet I can read you well enough to know that you will not deem it an unworthy thing that I should speak. Can you not guess my secret, as easily as I can guess yours? I knew you from the last time I saw you, but neither of us knew then that I loved you. You did not think it, and I tried to believe it was a fancy that would pass like many others. Ah!" shutting her teeth closely and shivering as if with pain, "the last year has taught me better. I will not know what barriers there are between us. Whatever they may be, they are no harder for you to break down than those I have broken in speaking thus. They are not so great but that the sacrifice I am ready to make for you is great enough to justify you. I am yours to claim. Ask you no questions. I will listen to no replies. I am yours. Disdain you have talents, I know. How well do they serve you in making your way in the world? I need not ask; but you know that if that way were made clear those talents would win you the distinction you are entitled to. My fortune is all yours. Take it—and me. Do you think I would repent? You need not fear for it. It does not run in our blood to repent. They tell me I am very like, and almost as beautiful as, one of our family who gave up everything to a forbidden love, and who did not repent of it, even when she came to die."

And she threw herself at his feet and put her arms tenderly about him. Steadily enough now, and without a motion, he looked up into her beautiful face, and read there the whole story of a mad and reckless love. His lips were white, but his voice unfaltering as he said:

"Miss Halton, I am married."

"O fool!" she cried, "why do you tell me such a thing? You cannot tell me you do not love me. I know you do." And she only drew closer.

"Yes, I do," he said, and this time his voice trembled; "but I care more for my honor than I do for my happiness or yours."

And slowly and very gently he put away her arms, and, walking to the door, left the room and the house without a single look backward.

As he walked out in the open air he felt confused, and doubtful if the whole extraordinary scene had not been a dream. It seemed as though it must have been. He had read of such things, but had never dared to write them lest his readers should scoff. Yet he knew human nature well enough to understand how such a passion could influence such a woman to act as Margaret Halton had done. And, measuring her passion by his own, he did not wonder. It had been strange and very hard. Almost everything seemed strange and hard to him now, but he had done the right thing, and, weak and dizzy as he was, he was glad of that.

It seemed as though there was nothing else for him to be glad about. His strength was all gone, and he noticed the policeman across the street looking curiously at him, evidently thinking that he was drunk. So he walked a little slower, and tried to keep from staggering, but was conscious that he did not quite succeed. On and on he went, each block seeming a mile, with no lucid thought in his mind but one, which was to get to his home, where he could lie down. He could not beg. He had seen too many beggars on the street, and knew what rebuffs they met. It would be easier to die than to suffer such mortification. And chasing through his mind as he walked, never driving away the one thought, but flashing like sudden pictures on a screen, came idle thoughts that he knew were delirious, and which yet affected him strangely. He found himself shedding tears as he remembered how, years before, he had laughed at a comic actor who had represented a hungry beggar on the stage of some small theatre.

Presently he came to an open square, where were children playing, and birds chirping and flying about, picking up the crumbs that kindly people had thrown them. And he sat down on a bench, too weak to walk farther without a rest. As he sat there a smartly-dressed French nurse came up the broad walk, carrying a beautiful baby. She was throwing crumbs to the birds, and the baby was watching them with great amusement as they picked them up. As the nurse passed by the bench where he sat, the child dropped from its hand a bun which fell close by his feet. The nurse did not see, and the child did not notice the loss.

He looked at the bun for a moment and smiled in spite of himself. Then he picked it up, stepped after the nurse, returned it, heard her half-frightened "Merci!" and sat down again, laughing softly to himself.

After a few moments he arose again, and walked on, and after what seemed hours of torture and toil he reached the room he called his home. Staggering across the threshold, he fell on the floor.

When they lifted him up there was no life in the heavy clay, but on his clear-cut face there was a look of exceeding great peace.

LITTLE JOHNNY says ole Gaffer Peters gits fooler and fooler every day of his life. One day my father he seen that ole man a diggin a hole for to set a post in, and my father he sed: "Gaffer, wot will you do with the erth wich you take out of the hole?" Gaffer he thot a long wile, and scratch his hed, and bime-by he sed: "I guess I'll have to bury it in a other hole." Then my father he sed: "You better left it in thisn and dug a other for the post." Then Gaffer he spoke up and sed: "It aint too late yet." So he put the erth back into the hole wich he had dugged, and when my father he come away Gaffer was diggin a other hole for to set his post into.

HONOR and obey your sons and daughters, that your days may be long in the land.

THE HOUSE WITHOUT A TENANT.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, BY VANDYKE BROWN.

"What is the rent, did you say?"

"Reasonable, very reasonable. You can get it for three hundred dollars."

"I think I shall take it."

"I would advise you not to, John."

"Nonsense! Do you suppose any of your ghost-stories will frighten me out of hiring a house if it suits me?"

"But this is not a ghost-story. Listen to it; and if you are still determined to take the place, well and good."

"Very good; I will listen, then."

I had moved over to Jersey City with a view to economy. New York rents were getting beyond my means, and I still entertained a foolish prejudice against occupying a house in common with anyone else. We had lived comfortably in Jersey for six months, but as September came round we found it necessary either to move or else submit to a considerable increase in rent. Under these circumstances I had set out in search of another house. My fancy had hit upon a place which, I think, very few would have chosen. It stood well out towards the suburb of the city, in a street which, for three or four blocks, looked not unlike a country turnpike. The house stood by itself, well back from the road, and surrounded by grounds which had run to waste through neglect. Indeed, the whole place bore about it the unmistakable evidences of desertion. The house was none of your new-fangled affairs, but a low, frame structure, with the gables of the roof projecting so far out as to permit of a piazza both in front and in the rear. There were rooms on either side of the door, and small square windows, with the green blinds closely shut. A mighty sycamore threw its bare branches completely over the building, as if to shield it from wind and rain. It was the sighing of the branches of this great tree, not less than the wild, confused appearance of the premises, that fascinated me at once. You see, I have a taste for the bizarre, and the thought of living in this lonesome, deserted, and withal ghostly house seized upon my fancy with irresistible force.

The placard which proclaimed the place to let directed the reader to Godfrey Graham, real-estate and insurance agent. I considered this lucky, because Graham was one of the few men whom I counted among my intimate friends. I made my way at once to his office, but when I spoke about the house he shook his head disuasively.

"I would advise you not to take it, John. The rent is cheap enough, and the house, no doubt, suits your cold taste. That isn't it."

"Well, what is it?" I inquired, a little impatiently.

By way of response, Graham told me this story:

"It was nearly four years ago now that I made the acquaintance of Albert Reynolds. He was an artist of no mean ability, but, like most of his fellows, he found it pretty difficult in these times to make a living. I came to know him by chance, because he engaged a studio from me, and afterwards moved into this very house which you are talking of renting. I liked his appearance so much that I took every opportunity to cultivate his acquaintance, and we soon became warm friends. He was a man of forty or thereabouts, well educated, modest, and given to theorizing on all questions of abstract interest. He entertained some foolish notions about curing insane people by liberating them from asylums, and permitting them to mingle freely with the world. He also professed to believe that suicide should be encouraged among those who found life a burden, and that even murder was an excellent thing in certain cases. I looked upon these and some other equally wild propositions as the harmless idiosyncrasies of a dreamer—for such Reynolds was. Moreover, his nature, in itself, was so genial, his conversation so brilliant, and his views on most subjects so fresh and sensible, that his companionship was really a thing to be prized. Half a dozen times or more I visited him at his home, and it was there, afterwards, that he set up his studio, being unable to hire more accessible quarters. His family, which consisted of his wife and two young daughters, was unusually attractive, and his domestic relations were apparently of the happiest sort.

"I had known Reynolds but a little more than three months, when occurred the incident which I am about to relate. You may have noticed that friendship is of uncertain growth. By which I mean you may be acquainted with one person a lifetime, and never feel that he is your friend, although he treats you with uniform politeness. You may meet with another person who, in a week, or even a day, so opens your heart that you come to count him among your friends. I indulge in this bit of philosophy because, when I look back upon it now, it seems hardly possible that my acquaintance with Reynolds was of such brief duration. I was accustomed, then, to regard him as one of my nearest and best friends, and yet I had met him first only three months before, and I really knew nothing about his past life or surroundings. The time to which I have referred I was sitting in my office one afternoon, when Reynolds entered. His appearance showed him to be laboring under suppressed excitement. He was very nervous, and kept turning, in a strangely suspicious manner, towards the door, as if expecting some unwelcome visitor.

"Godfrey," he said, throwing himself into a chair, "I am going to put into my head."

"Out of snow? I inquired.

"Yes. I am going to put into practice a plan which I have long entertained. I am, as you know, deeply interested in the subject of insanity. I have got a chance to study the inside workings of an asylum not far from here, and I am going to avail myself of it. If I went as a visitor I should get very little knowledge that would be worth the getting. Visitors are always deceived in such places. I have resolved, therefore, to go, not as a visitor, but as a patient!"

"I stared at my friend in amazement. There was something in his manner, in his hurried, vehement way of speaking, and, above all, in the peculiar expression of his eyes, which awakened an unpleasant suspicion. And yet I smiled to myself at the mere thought of doubting Reynolds.

"So you mean to become a temporary lunatic, do you?' I said, with a smile.

"'Yes,' was his reply. 'I have a friend who is an assistant in the institution, and with whom I have arranged my plans. He is to meet me here. I expect him every moment.' Here Reynolds glanced uneasily towards the door. Then he resumed: 'When he comes I want you to do me the favor of treating me as a madman. It would never do to let him know that I have taken you into the secret.'

"'Very good,' said I; 'you shall receive a first-class recommendation of lunacy from me.'

"'Thank you. There is another favor I wish to ask. There will be a box for me at the express-office to-morrow. Would you be kind enough to look after it. It contains my large piece "In the Adirondacks," which has been on exhibition recently in Philadelphia. I am a little anxious about its safety, and if you would be so kind as to have it carried to my house, under your personal supervision, I shall be most grateful. If it were not infringing too much on your time and good-nature, I should ask you also to open the box, as I dislike to have the canvas in that position too long.'

"I readily agreed to do all that Reynolds had asked me—the more readily, perhaps, because I was anxious to see this painting, of which he had spoken to me before. While I was yet signifying my willingness to take charge of the box, there came a loud knocking at the office-door. My friend started perceptibly, and then, bending forward, said in a half whisper:

"'They are here! Remember, I am insane!'

"I arose and opened the door. Standing without were two men. One I surmised to be the assistant in the asylum. They entered without ceremony, and, catching sight of Reynolds, the officer exclaimed:

"'Here he is at last!'

"'I knew we should find him,' quietly rejoined the other. 'You would better put on the bracelets, Tom.' Then, turning to me, he added: 'You'll excuse this intrusion, sir, but the man before you is a maniac. He escaped from Bloomingdale three months ago, and we've been trying to get on his track ever since. You may congratulate yourself that he has committed no act of violence, for he is one of our most dangerous cases!'

"I kept my promise to Reynolds, and went to the express-office next day. I must confess that the event I have already narrated had left a deeper impression upon my mind than any mere ruse ought to have done. I found the box, as the artist had foretold—only I was surprised at its bigness. It measured more than six feet square by three deep. A canvas big enough to win fame on, certainly, I reflected, if bigness is all that is necessary.

"I attended personally to the removal of the box to Reynolds' house. When we had got our bulky burden onto the front piazza, I rang the bell three or four times without getting any response. The family, I thought, must be out; so I tried the door. It opened readily, and, with the help of the expressman, I carried the box into the hall. Then the man drove off, and I set to work to remove the painting from its case. I found a chisel and a hammer, and began to pry open the cover. It worked slowly—very slowly. When at last I had forced off the boards, and removed the thick brown paper, which had served as a shield, I saw that which caused me to start back in horror. There was no painting in the box, but, lying side by side, in grim order, were three coffins, each with a burnished silver plate. Dazed at such an unexpected sight, I bent down mechanically and read the inscriptions upon these plates. The first was: 'Helen Reynolds, died October 9, 1873, aged 36.' The second: '

AQUATIC.

THE HENLEY REGATTA.

COLUMBIA WINS THE COLLEGE RACE.

THE SHO-WAE-CAE-METTES LOSE THROUGH ILLNESS.

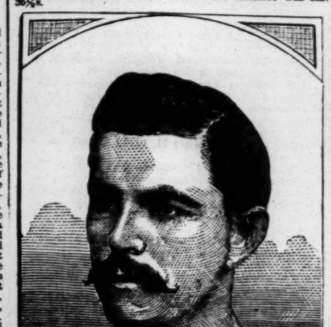
A Mistake Causes Lee's Defeat.

The anniversary of American independence just passed was a day which will not soon be forgotten by the oarsmen of this country, or by any other class of people who manifest a patriotic interest in the result of international competitions. The reason for this was that on that day amateur oarsmen representing the New World contended on the Thames, at Henley, Eng., against the leading four-oared crews and scullers of Great Britain with the greatest possible credit to themselves. The occasion was the annual amateur regatta at Henley, always participated in by men of the first-class in the school of oarsmanship, expressly to meet whom the Columbia College crew were privately sent over, and the Sho-wae-cae-mettes of Monroe, Mich., and George W. Lee of Newark, N. J., winners at the Watkins test regatta, made the journey at the expense of the committee which had charge of the latter event. The four-oars each won their respective trial heats, the Columbia defeating the men from Oxford and Cambridge Universities, while Lee had his man beaten when he, by one of those unfortunate mistakes which there ought never to exist a possibility of occurring, ceased rowing and was defeated within a few yards of the goal to reach which first he had traveled so many hundreds of miles. From the account transmitted by cable it would certainly appear that Lee outpulled Edwards-Moss, who stands in the first class among English amateur scullers, and it is to be hoped that he will obtain consolation at the Metropolitan Regatta, where he will meet, on the longer championship course, his late accidental conqueror and that fine sculler F. L. Playford. The Columbians nobly supplemented their trial heat victory by easily disposing of the Hertford College crew in the final heat on the 5th, thus becoming entitled to the possession of the valuable Visitors' Challenge Cup. Unfortunately, however, the Sho-wae-cae-mettes, who had been confidently expected from their trial in which they had performed on the first day, to carry off the Stewards' Challenge Cup, even from so powerful a four as that representing the famous London Rowing Club, failed of success, partly at least through Joe Nadeau being taken sick when they had gone probably half the distance, and the boats were cracking along on nearly even terms. It appears that Nadeau had felt this illness the night before, and had a reminder on the morning of the 5th; and if such was the case then he is unable to censure for keeping his unfit condition from the knowledge of his companions, and thereby jeopardizing the chances of the crew. Whether the Americans could have won in any case is, in view of the closeness of the contest up to the termination of Nadeau's shutting-up, and the known ability of the Londoners, an open question; but they would most assuredly have stood a better chance had they put another man in the midship-raft seat. However, the American people may very well be content with the victory achieved by the Columbias, which sent a thrill of gratification throughout the universal Yankee nation, and must have opened wide the eyes of the writers for the British press, who have as a unit predicted the certain defeat of the American collegians, while smiling at the pretensions of the Sho-wae-cae-mettes, and scarcely deigning to mention the Triton Club sculler, certainly not in the same breath with Edwardes-Moss, who may congratulate himself on his narrow escape from defeat. The races were all rowed over a course of one mile and five-sixteenths, straight away, and tolerably full details are given in the dispatches which appear below:

LONDON, July 4.—Henley never saw a livelier day than this, nor a more brilliant assemblage than that which gathered to witness this year's regatta. The meadows on both sides of the course were filled with people. The bridge was blocked with drags and carriages, while the river swarmed with craft of every description. The gay dresses of the ladies and fancy rowing costume of the college boatmen made the scene peculiarly charming and picturesque. There was a sprinkling of Americans, but their presence was scarcely noticeable in the large number of natives. The day opened clear and cool, and the Henley course was in the best possible condition when the hour for the opening of the races arrived. The closing of the locks deadened the slight current of the stream, which lay as smooth as a mirror, reflecting the brilliant colors of the gayly bannered craft that lined its shores. All navigation had been suspended, and the crews had full sweep of the course. From early morning the crowds had begun to gather at the start and along the course to the finish. Henley Bridge was swarming with human beings long before the hour for the start in the first race. Fully 40,000 were jostled near the favorable points of view when the rival oarsmen appeared at the starting-point. The American crews were loudly cheered, and flags were dipped and American national airs were played by the band in their honor. The race for

THE DIAMOND SCULLS—FIRST HEAT,

between George W. Lee of the Triton Club of Newark and T. C. Edwardes-Moss of Jesus College, Oxford, and who pulled No 7 in the Oxford eight last year and the year before, and who is the present holder of the sculls, was the first in which the Americans were interested. Both men started well, each hugging the shore on his own side. Lee, who had the inside track (the Berkshire side), soon took a slight lead, which he gradually increased, steering well for three-quarters of a mile. On nearing Poplar Point, a mile from the starting-point, he had a clear length ahead. Here he skirted the Berks shore too closely, nearly running into the bushes along the bank. Edwardes-Moss struck straight across to avoid the Berks shore, and as they straightened away Lee was seen to have a reduced lead, but he still had the advantage. He steered badly from this point; his competitor, however, was unable to make up his lead any further. It was an exciting race. Lee had the best of it, when suddenly, within twenty feet from the finish, he stopped, still half a length ahead, and at the same time his right oar struck the shore. He thought he had passed the winning-post, and would not believe at first he had not won the race. Two more strokes would have landed him safely a winner, but Edwardes-Moss continued his course, and won by less than a quarter of a length. Both men were in great distress. Lee was ill before and after the race. Time, 9m. 8s. Lee's time at Watkins over the same distance was 8m. 36½s.



GEO. W. LEE, OF NEWARK.

SECOND HEAT.—The contestants in the second heat were Payne of Mouisey, Lowndes of Oxford, and George Lee of the Union Athletic Club, Boston, Mass. There was a good start, but it was soon seen that the Bostonian was nowhere. Lowndes came in first, Payne second, and Lee two hundred yards in the rear. The next event was the race for the

STEWARD'S CHALLENGE CUP—FIRST HEAT,

in which both of the American fours had been drawn. Names and weights follow:

Sho-wae-cae-mettes, Monroe, Mich.—Moses Nadeau (bow), 144lb; H. W. Durell, 149lb; Joseph Nadeau, 146lb; Stephen Desseau (stroke), 168lb.

Columbia College, New York—Ed. A. Sage (bow), 170lb; Cyrus Edson, 161lb; H. G. Ridabock, 170lb; Joseph T. Goodwin (stroke), 153lb.

Dublin University, Ireland—R. H. Courtney (bow), 150lb; R. H. Labat, 150lb; J. Cooper, 165lb; G. Hickson (stroke), 161lb.

The Columbians took the inside position, near the Berkshire shore, the Dublin University boat was in the middle, and the Sho-wae-cae-mettes on the Bucks side of the river. The boats got off at 1.30 P. M. The Sho-wae-cae-mettes misunderstood the starting-signal and got off badly, while the Dublins made a fine start, and soon led both the American boats by two lengths. The "Shoes" were far over on the Bucks side, while the other crews were close to the Berks shore, the Dublins crowding the Columbia boat with the intention of getting her water. The Columbias rowed a good course in grand form, overtaking the Dublins hand over hand. As they rounded the Point the Dublins steered inshore, crashing into the Columbia boat just as the latter was beginning to head the Irish crew, and this in spite of the shouts of the umpire: "Dublin, take your right course!" The two boats disentangled themselves, and when they did so the Columbia was leading the Dublin. Long before this the "Shoes" had taken the lead, having made up what they lost at first by a uniform stroke of forty-six from the start. At the time of the foul, which occurred at the end of the mile, they were one length and a quarter ahead of the foulling crew. Upon which, along the course to the finish, the "Shoes" bow gave an order to "Ease all," and, dropping their stroke to forty, it afford an excellent exhibition of their powers, and passed the line many lengths ahead. Paddling to their boat-house, the "Shoes" sprang upon the float with agility, cheerily offering to row the race over again if necessary. They were as fresh as when they started. The Columbias were also very fresh on leaving their boat, and made a claim to be allowed to row again in the final heat on the following day, on the ground that the "Shoes" were so far ahead that they could not have been caught. The referee gave this decision in the evening, stating that the Sho-wae-cae-mettes were three lengths ahead at the time the foul occurred. The Dublins did not deny the foul, which was almost a favor of the Columbias. The time in which the Sho-wae-cae-mettes rowed the course was the best with the Watkins Club was 7m. 36½s., and that with the Atalantas was 7m 17¾s. The time first announced was 8m. 4s., and it stood thus on the Steward's time-book for two hours, but after the London Rowing Club's time was announced the "chronos" time was for some reason changed on the book to 8m. 21s.

THE SHO-WAE-CAE-METTE CREW.

MOSES NADEAU—BOW. W. H. DURELL—No. 2. JOSEPH NADEAU—No. 3. STEPHEN DESSEAU—Stroke.

SECOND HEAT.—This was won by the London Rowing Club in 8m. 23s., defeating the Kingston Club. The Jesus College crew did not row over the course, in order to save themselves for the contest up the Thames for the Columbias' Visitors' Challenge Cup, while the London pair was scratched from the race for the silver goblets in order that the men might keep fresh for the engagement of Nadeau is shutting-up, and the known ability of the Londoners, an open question; but they would most assuredly have stood a better chance had they put another man in the midship-raft seat. However, the American people may very well be content with the victory achieved by the Columbias, which sent a thrill of gratification throughout the universal Yankee nation, and must have opened wide the eyes of the writers for the British press, who have as a unit predicted the certain defeat of the American collegians, while smiling at the pretensions of the Sho-wae-cae-mettes, and scarcely deigning to mention the Triton Club sculler, certainly not in the same breath with Edwardes-Moss, who may congratulate himself on his narrow escape from defeat. The races were all rowed over a course of one mile and five-sixteenths, straight away, and tolerably full details are given in the dispatches which appear below:

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E. E. SAGE—Bow. C. EDSON—No. 2. H. G. RIDABOCK—No. 3. J. T. GOODWIN—Stroke.

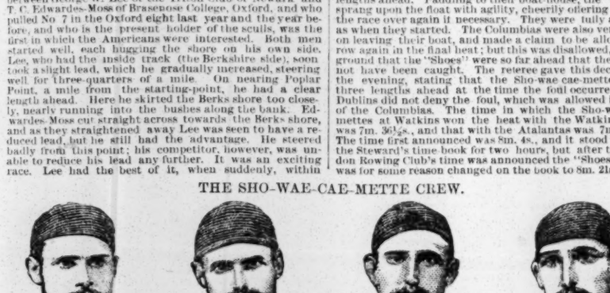
SECOND HEAT.—This was won by the Hertford College crew of Oxford, in 9m. 12s., the first Trinity crew of Cambridge being scratched. The bad time is to be partly accounted for by a foul with the Jesus College crew of St. John's College, Cambridge, their only competitors.

SECOND DAY'S RACING.

LONDON, July 5.—The second day of the regatta being that on which the final heats are rowed, the interest naturally rises to exciting point, and the crowd attracted is of course much greater. Again we were favored with delightful weather. There was a fresh breeze, which made existence very comfortable on the banks of the river and on the Thames, but which cut out some smart work for the oarsmen. At two o'clock the first contest, about whose result we Americans were anxious, was announced to come off. This was the race for the

VISITORS' CHALLENGE CUP—FINAL HEAT,

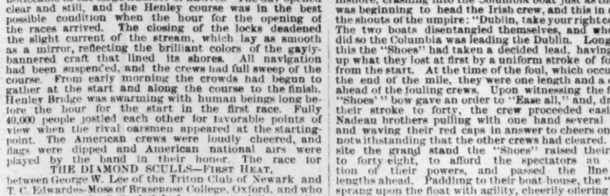
between the Columbias and the Hertford College, Oxford, crew. The names and weights of the latter were: G. H. Fenner (bow), 148lb; L. W. Loweles, 158lb; D. W. Deane, 167lb; R. Dawson, 154lb. There was a gust of cheering as the Columbia boys rowed down to the starting-point, and the Hertford friends had many thousands of friends and plenty encouraging shouts. A start was effected without any delay, and the Columbias, with a stroke a little over forty to the minute, at once took the lead and kept it. The Hertfords rowed about the same stroke at first. At Fawley Court the Columbias were one length ahead. Hertford stuck to the Berks bank, and Columbia at first kept under the Bucks shore, the wind slightly favoring them. The advantage of the Hertford course lay in its being the inside one, and they never relinquished it through the race. After pulling a quarter of a mile, however, Columbia steered out into the middle of the stream, remained in that course for thirty seconds, and then swerved towards the Berks shore, again, however, coming out into mid stream, as though, having the lead, they had attempted to take Hertford's water. At one time they almost touched cars. Hertford made repeated plucky spurts as they neared Remenham to close up on her swift antagonist, but without avail. She was accompanied throughout the race by a number of bowling young gentlemen on the bank. They were from her own college, and urged the boys in the boat every time they fell back to renew their efforts. Hertford could not in that race be talked into overtaking the Columbias. The young gentlemen on the bank kept up their antics and encouraging gesticulations until a little beyond the three-quarters of a mile from the start. It was just then that Columbia, being about a length ahead, attempted to take Hertford's water. They yelled like fiends: "Spurt and foul them!" The oarsmen, indeed, spurted, but it was no use. The Hertfords' only hope now was to catch the Columbia boat by touching her and thus claim a foul, the Columbias being out of their own water. Goodwin at once perceived their danger, called on the men for another spurt, and they answered with a tremendous burst of speed, which sent them fully two and a half lengths ahead. The pace was so hot it completely exhausted the Hertfords, whose bow oar, as they neared the bend, became exhausted, and the boat, not being steered, swerved towards the shore, and, entering a little bay, ran plump into the grassy bank. Thereupon the bow oar fainted. The Columbias, having swept around the bend, saw that the race was theirs, without further struggle, so they paddled in at a comfortable stroke amid tremendous cheering. They had shown yesterday what time they could make, and, although the conclusion to-day was unsatisfactory, they knew that the race had been theirs from the start. Cheer upon cheer rang out as they came sweeping past the finish, and the Americans on shore were almost deafinous with joy over the lads who had beaten Oxford and Cambridge. When Columbia passed the winning-post the band played "Hail Columbia." The time of the race was 8m. 41s.



"WHO WON?"

SCENE ON THE THAMES AT THE 5TH OF JULY REGATTA.

COLUMBIA COLLEGE CREW, OF NEW YORK.



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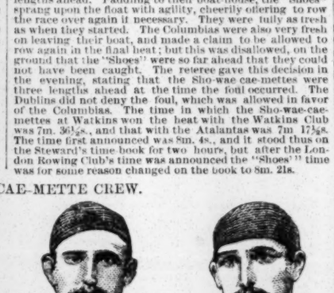
SCENE ON THE THAMES AT THE 5TH OF JULY REGATTA.

STEWARDS' CHALLENGE CUP.—FINAL HEAT.

The London Rowing Club, having won the second heat for the Stewards' Challenge Cup, the meeting between those formidable oarsmen and the tough Michigan crew was looked forward to with great interest. A most exciting race was looked for. The following are the names and weights of the London Club four: Sleh Smith (bow), 156lb; W. S. Gulston, 177lb; A. Trower, 180lb; F. L. Playford (stroke), 170lb. There was some delay in sending the boats away, owing to the eagerness displayed by the Sho-waes, but the signal they went off like a shot, obtaining a slight advantage on the London four. The Sho-waes went straight down the middle of the river, and, at the end of the first hundred yards, led their opponents half a length. The London men rowed about a fault, and at Fawley Court outpaced the Sho-waes by a spurt, and led them by a quarter of a length. This challenged the Sho-waes, who had been rowing forty-four to the minute, and they increased the number to forty-eight, the great effort resulting in the boat again being slightly in front. This advantage was in spite of their injudiciously taking the centre of the stream, where they had the benefit of the wind to contend with than would have been the case if the crew had kept the Berks shore. Under these drawbacks it was fortunate for the centre of the Sho-waes that they so long held the London men, and it is furthermore claimed by the friends of the Americans that their getting into the centre of the stream was in a great measure due to the exhaustion of our No. 6. There are two ways in the Berks shore just before the curve in the stream, into both of which Gulston of the London four very carefully steered their boat. It was not until the Londoners had emerged from the last of these bays that they again led the Sho-waes, and then it was observed that they were only about six feet the best of it. The Sho-waes came bearing straight down on the curve, and endeavored to take the lead at this critical point, but Gulston called upon his men for a spurt, and, as they mgnificently responded, the London men, with their long, clean strokes, drew to the minute, came along with a rush which shot their boat a clean length ahead of the Sho-waes. Again the bow-oar of the Sho-waes called upon his men, but the response was not of that kind they usually make, and it was discovered that Joseph Nadeau had given out, and was clearly unable to do his share of the work. Thus crippled, the order was given to the crew to row as an "easy," when they soon gave up, and returned. The captain says that they would not have appeared at the starting-point had they known of No. 5's illness. At the end of the mile London was leading by a length and a half, and, of course, rapidly gaining. The London crew, amid great cheering, passed the finish, and the unlucky Sho-waes were seen in the distance paddling up bow and No. 2 only rowing, the boat barely crawling through the water. The Londoners' time was 8m. 26s. Nadeau, it seems, has had diarrhœa for some time. It had stopped, but came on again last night. He kept his illness from his mates, or they would have rowed a substitute in his place. He seems quite recovered now. The Sho-waes at first accepted their defeat with nonchalance, but once at their quarters they fairly cried at their bitter disappointment. They will probably go to London on Tuesday next and sail on the steamer Utopia for home on the 17th inst.



"I TOLD YOU SO."

THE LADIES' PLATE.

The Jesus College eight, four of whom the Columbia crew defeated yesterday in the first heat for the Visitors' Cup, won the race for the Ladies' Plate. This prize was open to all college eights.

PRESENTING THE PRIZES.

At fifteen minutes past six o'clock this evening all the crews that participated in the regatta assembled at the Red Lion Gardens, just north of the bridge. The gathering was the last scene in the regatta, and was for the purpose of presenting the prizes to the winners. Lord Camoys made the presentations, and in handing the Visitors' Cup over to Capt. Goodwin accompanied the act by a neat little speech. He said the Columbia crew heartily deserved the prize, and congratulated them one and all for their great pluck and perseverence, which they had shown in coming so far to compete with the best amateur crews in the world. Lord Camoys finished his speech by hoping the Columbias would come again. Captain Goodwin was called upon for a response, but declined, and could not be induced to make a speech, notwithstanding the prolonged, good-natured requests to do so. There was much cheering on all sides, and Columbia came in for the lion's share. Telegrams are pouring in upon the Columbia crew from every part of the world, warmly congratulating them upon their victory. The evening was devoted to dinners and general conviviality. The Columbia men dined with the Trinity College (Cambridge) boys, and wined with the Trinity College (Dublin) men. They helped the London Putney crew to christen the Stewards' Cup, which the latter had won, and had a crowd of jolly visitors to help them christen the Visitors' Cup, which was the prize of Columbia. A dinner will be given them in London Sunday evening by the graduates and students of Columbia College now in England.

"HAIL COLUMBIA!"
PARTY WHO BET ON THE AMERICANS.

THE DEFEAT OF LEE.

The defeat of George W. Lee, the New Jersey oarsman, is still a mystery. He declares that he was watching Moss, intending to time as little as possible; that he had been told a certain old tree-stump was the winning post. Certain it is that the Columbia men were under the same impression during their practice, and habitually finished up at that point. When Lee passed the stump he was half a boat's length ahead. *The Sportsman* adopts this opinion of Lee's mistake. This afternoon Mr. Edwardes-Moss of Oxford, as was expected, won the final heat for the Diamond Challenge sculls, for which he contended with Lee yesterday. I have just seen the latter, and he assures me that he mistook the stump for the post, having ceased off thirty yards previously, feeling secure of victory. It is generally conceded that he had won the race. He is to row for the amateur championship at the Metropolitan Regatta on the 18th, from Putney to Mortlake, against Playford of the London Rowing Club, who is the present champion, and Edwardes-Moss.

THE NEWS IN NEW YORK.

The staunchest friends of our oarsmen abroad had scarcely dared to expect that they would achieve a victory over the formidable experts who annually row at the Henley Royal Regatta. Considering the disadvantage at which strangers participating in an international competition of this character are ever placed, and the obstacles to success which they are called upon to surmount if they would win, the most that we could do was to hope that they might prove equal to the task which they had so pluckily undertaken. Consequently, when the intelligence was received, on the early forenoon of the 4th inst., that victory for our representative crews had contributed to the celebration of the anniversary of that day that gave birth to independence in their native land by sweeping the board in the first class, the feeling of the American people generally was at first thought too good to be true; but as later and fuller dispatches confirmed the first brief telegraphic announcement doubt gave way to certainty, and everybody whose manly or womanly bosom was fired with the patriotism expressed was filled to overflowing, and openly expressed a satisfaction which would have been unbounded had it not been for the unfortunate mistake which prevented George W. Lee from enrolling himself among the list of victors on the laurel-crowned field. Our readers, fresh zest to the enjoyment of the great American holiday, and many a bumper was drained in honor of those who had so nobly represented us abroad, and, after eating a time and to their success on the morrow. The fact that the end was not yet, however, and the possibility that sunshine might be succeeded by clouds, caused them to gauge their feelings somewhat, and with the exception of concerning the result of the final day's racing was received, and the misfortune which befel the men from the Sho-wae-cae-mettes Monroe, the wisdom of thus curbing their too excitable feelings was made manifest; but New-Yorkers generally recognized in the victory obtained by her representative collegemen glory enough for one season, and were content to let other portions of the union sow their great victory of American oarsmen in British waters. As a matter of course, the undergraduates and alumni, one of the matter of that, the faculty as well, of Columbia, were fairly carried away with the excitement occasioned by the glorious achievement of the representative of the college, and lost no time in doing the proper thing. Cheer after cheer resounded through the college buildings, congratulating one another, and startling the neighborhood with the college cry, given repeatedly with more than customary gusto proceeded in a body to the boat-house on the Harlem. Here a large number of the alumni had gathered, boiling with enthusiasm and anxious to join in any demonstration appropriate to so important an occasion. The latter sentiment was carried with a rush and white banting, large and small fluttered in the breeze, and an eight-oared barge, gayly decorated with flags and the club colors, and having a new broom in position at the bow, was launched and filled to the gunwales with the light arms of the crew under such circumstances knew not what it was to ture. Members of other clubs, reioicing in the success of a fellow-club, were present in large numbers, and the halyards of the boat and tied them around his body, and jumped in, grasping the boy just as he and his brother were sinking. Pulling himself from the water, he passed the child up to the skipper and returned for Mr. Coit, and succeeded in getting him aboard; but too late, for life was extinct. Trumbull had been kept in sight all the while by Mr. Coit, who, when the body of Mr. Coit was recovered and they turned to look for Trumbull he had disappeared. A search for the body was immediately commenced, and continued all night, but in vain. The drowning was resumed next morning, but up to four o'clock the body had not been found. Efforts were made to resuscitate the body of Colonel Coit, and five physicians answered the call, but all to no avail. The boy suffered no injury. Mr. Trumbull, who pulled No. 7 oar in the Yale boat, was the son of the Rev. David Trumbull of Valparaiso, Ind. He graduated in the academic department of Yale in '76, and was in the class of '80 in the Yale Theological School."

THE NAHASSET YACHT CLUB held their first regatta this season off Cohasset, Mass., July 1. There were eight entries in the second class, for the Grand Challenge Cup in the fourth, and the winners of first and second prizes in each were: Second class, Scamp and Fancy; third, Psyche and Avis; fourth, Splash and Josephine.

CRICKET.

YOUNG AMERICA vs. ST. GEORGE.

The Signal Success of the Americans.

The Fourth of July, 1878, was undoubtedly "a great day for young America." Columbia's gallant young sons especially distinguishing themselves on this one hundred and second anniversary of Independence Day. On the waters of Old Father Thames young Columbia defeated old Oxford and Cambridge, and on our local cricket-field young America defeated old St. George, the field as well as the aquatic triumphs being achieved in the best style of the art. Elsewhere will be found a full account of our victory at Henley, and below we proceed to describe the brilliant display of cricket skill made by the Young America Club of Germantown.

Last Summer, it may be remembered, the Young America Club sent a team to Hoboken a team which the St. George Club eleven easily defeated in a one-inning match by 68 to 39, Jones, the swift bowler of the st. George Club, playing and bowling with terrific effect. Young America's second occasion, the four Newhalls in that game being disposed of in the inning by which the contest was decided for the small aggregate of 22 runs, Dan Newhall's 8 being the highest score. In the inning in the match on the 4th inst., which decided this year's contest, these four Newhalls contributed a total of 102 out of the 161 of the inning's score, Charley Newhall running up the fine score of 53 and carrying his bat out as his share of the hot day's work at the bat. But, without further preface, we proceed to describe in detail this fine exhibition of cricket, the finest ever witnessed in a match in America between home clubs.

THE FIRST DAY'S PLAY.

The game was called for July 3, at 2 P. M., and, strange to say, the players of both elevens were on the ground within ten minutes of the appointed time—though play did not begin until 2.25 P. M.—an example approaching punctuality unwonted in this locality. The two captains of the elevens, Messrs. Soutter and George Newhall, tossed for innings, and the genial president of the St. George Club won, and decided to send in his team to the bat. It was the best eleven the club could raise, inasmuch as Whetham is in California, and Ridgeway Moore is disabled by sickness. In their place they had Leisk, the hero of the 228 score in Canada in 1877, and that fine fielder Conover, worth two men of twice his skill at the bat, if only for his admirable fielding. With the exception of the Canadian importation—Mr. Leisk, by the way, is of course a member of the St. George Club—the team was quite a representative one, and as strong an eleven as the club is likely to place in the field again this season. On the other side, the Young Americas did not have the services of either John Large or the brothers Loper and Cooper Baird; but they had the finest fielding eleven by all odds we have ever seen them place in the field in a match with St. George, and had a good wicket prepared, and the ground was in good condition for the bowling. Had the match been free to spectators, there might have been a large admittance, but the charge for admission, though only twenty-five cents, limited the assemblage to about fifty people; and even on the second day—the Fourth of July—not over two hundred people were present, so entirely has the game lost favor in the metropolis through the revolving system and the wearying delays incident to the local style of playing the game.

At 2 P. M. on July 3 St. George sent in Messrs. Giles and Crane to the bowling of Messrs. Davis and Charley Newhall—"Old Lazy," as he was called in this game, from the leisurely style he has of doing things on the field. Davis—a round-arm, swift left-hand bowler of promising ability—began with wides, Giles opening play with a neat 2 from him, and from Charley's first over a couple of leg byes were scored. Then was commenced as pretty a display of all-round cricketing as we have ever seen in a match. George Newhall had the field admirably placed, and the support given the bowling by the field generally was up to the highest mark, especially the splendid play of Davis—when not bowling—and the double duty of wicket-keeper and long-stop, performed so finely by Van Rensselaer. Against the bowling of Newhall and Davis, and the hot, running fire of sharply-fielded and splendidly-thrown-in balls from the outfield corps, both the veteran Giles and the stalwart Cross stood up manfully and pluckily, and before they were parted the fine average total of 35 was recorded, of which Cross had contributed 18, scored in masterly style, his drives for a 4 and a 3 and leg-hits for a 3 and two 2's being specially noteworthy off such fine bowling, both Charley and Davis being well on the wickets after the first overs. In Charley's seventh over, Cross gave a chance for a catch to R. Peasenall man up—and retired in favor of Bance; and then Giles and Bance had to face Dan Newhall's strategic bowling as well as Charley's "pacers." Bance had scored 4—a fine leg-hit for 3 being noteworthy—when Charley spread his stumps, and he gave place to the Canada hero, Leisk, the second wicket falling for 39. In the interim Giles had been displaying his skill in hitting, as well as in defense, to the tune of a drive for 4—off Charley—and four good 2's; and he had scored 15 when Dan got him with a baller, and Soutter joined partnership with Leisk, who had shown some fair cricket, but not looking to anything like another big score. The fall of the third wicket for 49 showed a decided decline of the average; and when Soutter—a fine bat as well as an effective bowler and splendid field—was caught by Van Rensselaer at wicket for 2 only off Dan Newhall, St. George stock began to have a downward tendency in the market, the fourth wicket falling for 56. Marsh was Soutter's successor, and he and Leisk joined Leisk long before the latter was clean-bowled by Charley Newhall for 8, which included a slip for 3 and a leg-hit for 2, the fifth wicket going down for 59—quite a total to the average of the first wicket. Jones followed Leisk, but did not stay long, Charley obliging him to lay a duck egg—sixth wicket for 63. Marsh had scored but 6—including a neat 4 on the leg—when he slipped a ball into Gibbons' hands off Dan Newhall—7th wicket for 63. Moeran had taken Jones' place, and he saw Marsh, Sleigh and Conover out, Sleigh being neatly caught a point by Davis off Charley, and Conover losing his wicket from a baller off Charley. The ninth wicket had fallen for 67 only, an addition of but 32 runs having been the fall of the first wicket, and it was fully expected that the total of the inning would not exceed 75; but now it was that Moeran and Mostyn began an obstinate defense of their stumps; and while the latter kept his end up very creditably, Moeran did some very effective work in run-getting, as well as in defending his stumps. In fact, it was not until the telegraph had recorded a century more that Charley got in on Moeran's stumps, and the 10th wicket fell, Moeran's contribution being a well-earned 29, marked by three 3's—drives and a slip—and four 2's. The head and tail of the St. George team closed off thirty yards previously, feeling secure of victory. It is generally conceded that he had won the race. He is to row for the amateur championship at the Metropolitan Regatta on the 18th, from Putney to Mortlake, against Playford of the London Rowing Club, who is the present champion, and Edwardes Moss.

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THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

THE CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

NOTE.—Professionals and others should bear in mind that, by a late change in the postal laws, all letters, etc., in transit between the United States and Canadas, must be prepaid, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters received for week ending 5 P. M., MONDAY, July 8.

LADIES' LIST.

Archer, Lottie
Adams, Lucille
Burt, Ida (vocalist)
Burdeau, Mrs. Jane
Burritt, Florence
Bryant, Nellie
Bontanzic, Marie
Bennett, Eva
Beaumont, Nellie (3)
Brennan, Emma (vocalist)
Brown, Celestine
Buckingham, Fannie L.
Buchannan, Virginia
Clayton, Kate
Chalmers, Millie
Chase, Florence
Clancy, Miss V.
Carey, Annie Louise (2)
Cole, Lee
Clyde, Minnie
Cope, Annette
Clifton, Viola
Courtland Sisters
Delmay, Lu-lu
Davenport, Mrs. E. L.
Durell, Miss Barrie
De Evlon, Millie
De La Vera, Millie
Dudley, Nimon (2)
Dion, Laura
De Lange, Lillie
De Haven, Gussie
Dowton, Dora
De Haven, Eva
Egberts, Nannie
Ezseline, Kittie
Farren, Ida (5)
Foy, Bertha
Fiske, Marian
Fielding, Mrs. Maggie
Franzini, Mlle.
Fox, Annie
Gaston, Maude
Gilday or Fannie
Sean, Mrs. Chas
Gaugain, Marie
Hackwill, Miss H. L.
Howard, Jessie
Howard, Nellie (jig dancer)
Herbert, Emily
Hindle, Annie
Hallett, Alta (2)
Harmon, Dollie
Hassell, Minnie
Ines, Mrs. Eunice
Herd, Belle
Herd Sisters
Kemp, Alice
Lee, Minnie (vocalist)
Lotta, Miss
Loudon, Alice (song-and-dance)
Leyton, Lillien M. (6)
Lucille, Fannie
Lorraine, Claudie
Markham, Pauline
Matthews, Mrs. Lauretta
Morris, Katie (vocalist)
Morrissey, Mrs. Maude
Maxwell, Kate
Morton, Mrs. J. W.
Murphy, Mrs. Jos. (of Cherry & Gow Co.)
Mack, Billy
Metchear, W. J.
Mollen, S. H.
Montford, Frank
Martin, Master (of Play 42)
Miller, Mrs. Kate
Mansfield, Alice
Marshall, May
Norris, Mrs. Chas.
Overall, Miss G. V.
Pearl, Mabel
Prestige, Fannie
Parker, Susie
Poole, Mrs. C.
Proctor, Jennie
Ransom, Alice
Rainford, Alice
Richmond, Adah
Renard, Zella
Stetson, Louisa
Smithson, Georgina (3)
St. Felix Sisters
Sanford, Loo (of Red Stock. Minst.)
Scehopotta, Estidie
St. Marks, Belle
Stowell, Henrietta
Sanford, Kittie
Stone, Lily
Schott, Angie
St. Felix, May
St. Maur, Pelle
Taylor, Marion
Thompson, Charlotte
VonHillern, Bertha
Vandyke, Imogene
West, Nell
Windell, Mrs. R.
Wood, Fannie (of The Woods)
Wilson, Julia
Wendell, Ada
"Young Actress" (2) 10c.
Young, Miss M. S.
Zoe, Mlle.

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Aldridge, Henry (3)
Archer, Chas.
Allison, G. M.
Allen, R. (of London Circus)
Archambeau,
Archer, Chas. (pianist, etc.)
Ainsly & Heeney
Anderson, Geo. J. (comedian)
Ames, Emile
Aiken, A. W.
Apgar, Geo.
Aubrey, Robt.
Beasley, S. (of May Fiske)
Boyd, John (of Belfast, Ire.)
Bryon, Jas.
Burgess, Neil
Byrne, John (variety "biz")
Baldwin, F. S.
Byron, Master
Burbank, Otto
Bratten, Alonzo L.
Bodine, John C.
Barr, Geo. (musician) 3c.
Brennan, E. A.
Brandini, —
Boniface, Geo. C.
Bryant, Neil
Barlour, Harry
Barlow, Wilson, Primrose & West
Bernard, P.
Barrett, Lawrence (2)
Benton, Chas. (2)
Barton, Tom
Barlow, M. G. (2)
Birch, J. W.
Barnabee Concert Co.
Brooks, Lew (of Cole's Circus)
Bowles, Frank
Collins, Billy
Conklin, Pete (clown)
Clifton or Baker, Wm. F.
Cali, S. B.
Coulfeur, Morville
Coup, Geo. W. (2)
Chal', Bld
Corvella, Bob (2)
Cellier, Fito
Callice, Myron
Carroll, Fred (banjoist)
Combs, Geo. P.
Costley, Jos.
Cadona, Harry
Carey, Geo.
Cook, Arthur
Coleman, D. W.
Cummings & Hinds
Clayton & Weston
Cody, Hon. W. F.
Cutter, Robt. J.
Cardella & Victorelli
Clifton, F. R. (2)
Clapham, Harry
Carr, Jas. (minst. "biz")
Carson, Jr., Kit
Combs, Geo. P.
Cromwell, C. J.
Cassidy, J. (in Gilmore & Gibson) (2)
Cole, Wm. (side-show "biz")
Cramley, Bob
Carr, Frank
Camel, Jim (of Scotch Twins)
Dobson, F. B.
Dixon, Henry (late of Hess' Op. Co.)
Dixon, W. G.
Dickeson, H. A.
Dooley, Willie (clogger)
Donovan, J. O.
Down, W. J.
Denier, Tony
Doane, G. E.
Duprez, C. H.
Dodson, Chas. E.
De Haven, Claude
Dixon, T. B.
Dowling, J. J. (2)
Dodge, Ben
Davies, J. Chas.
Eustis, Fenl.
Earle, D. G.
Edouin, Willie
Everett, Geo.
Englehardt, F. J.
Eugene, — (of Eugene & Malcolm)
Emlay, Jas.
Edwards, Ed.
Edwards, Wm.
Frazer, Robt.
Foster, Jr., Wm.
Fithian, Archie
Forbes, Chas. (2)
Fowler, Harry
Frayne, F. I.
Fox, Lew E.
Franklin, W. E.
Forde, T. J.
Gaylord, J. B. (circus agent)
Garland, J. (of Emerson's Minst.) 17c.
Grover, A.
Garrett, Jos.
Gulick, Jos. A.
Garland, Joe (vocalist)
"G. Z."
Grover, Burr H
Gibson, A. G. (Gilmore & Gibson) (2)
Gardner, Chas. ("Hop light Loo")
Gerard, E. (of Tony Pastor's Co.)
Goodwin, Nat
Gannon, Teeside
Girard Bros.
Goroux, Emile
Graves, Jas. H.
Gilmour, W. J.
Goodyear, Chas. W.
Healy, Dr. J.
Hall, J. (of Hall & Dean)
Hall, James
Hart, John
Heath, Phil
Howe, Pres K. (aerial "biz")
Hall, G. W. (showman)
Horgan, W. W.
Hyers, H. (of Hyers' Co.) 50c.
Hall, Clinton
Henry, W. (of N. Y. & N. Co.)
Healy, Conn Lander
Holbrook & Ryan
Howard, Larry (comedian)
Hutchings, Prof. (lightning cale. 3c.)
Healy, F. (of Hennessy & Healy)
Howorth, John
Hunter, Ed. (of Evangeline Co.)
Hennessey Bros.
Hill, John (of Howe's Circus)
Holloway, J. F. (agent)
Heywood, W. (of Heywood Bros.)
Harrigan & Hart
Hammond, John
Hutchings, Richd. D.
Johnston, R. J.
Jones, Arnold (26c. "Joachine")
Johnson, E. W.
Kearney, J. (of Kearney & Moran)
Keller, F. L.
Kelland, Bart
Lindley, A. (late of Canada)
Lawrence, The
Lucas, S. (of Georgia Minst.)
Little, J. Z.
Laughlan, M. V.
Lyle, W. E.
Linton, Guy
Lang, Harry
Leavitt, M. B. (2)
Leland, Mat
Little, Chas.
Leavitt, Andy
Lowanda, Natalio
Lee, J. J. (of Adams & Lee)
Lorella, J. C.
Melville, Chas.
McIntyre & Heath (2) 25c.
Magee, Clem
McIntire, A.
Mack, J. H. (of Emerson's Minst.)
McWade, Robt.
Morey, F. A. W. (wizard)
Manager
Morse, H. M.
Murphy, J. E. (of Murphy & Mack)
"Magic Lantern"
Mcredith, Harry
Mason, Dan
Moore, Neal (of Callender's Minst.)
Murphy, Paddy
Maxwell, Geo. H.
Marlin, Wm.
Marshall, Florence 5c.
Miller, W. F. (of Gt. London Circus)
McClellan, W. B (manager)
Mack, Billy
Metchear, W. J.
Mollen, S. H.
Montford, Frank
Martin, Master (of Play 42)
Miller, Mrs. Kate
Mansfield, Alice
Marshall, May
Norris, Mrs. Chas.
Overall, Miss G. V.
Pearl, Mabel
Prestige, Fannie
Parker, Susie
Poole, Mrs. C.
Proctor, Jennie
Ransom, Alice
Rainford, Alice
Richmond, Adah
Renard, Zella
Stetson, Louisa
Smithson, Georgina (3)
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Burbank, Otto
Bratten, Alonzo L.
Bodine, John C.
Barr, Geo. (musician) 3c.
Brennan, E. A.
Brandini, —
Boniface, Geo. C.
Bryant, Neil
Barlour, Harry
Barlow, Wilson, Primrose & West
Bernard, P.
Barrett, Lawrence (2)
Benton, Chas. (2)
Barton, Tom
Barlow, M. G. (2)
Birch, J. W.
Barnabee Concert Co.
Brooks, Lew (of Cole's Circus)
Bowles, Frank
Collins, Billy
Conklin, Pete (clown)
Clifton or Baker, Wm. F.
Cali, S. B.
Coulfeur, Morville
Coup, Geo. W. (2)
Chal', Bld
Corvella, Bob (2)
Cellier, Fito
Callice, Myron
Carroll, Fred (banjoist)
Combs, Geo. P.
Costley, Jos.
Cadona, Harry
Carey, Geo.
Cook, Arthur
Coleman, D. W.
Cummings & Hinds
Clayton & Weston
Cody, Hon. W. F.
Cutter, Robt. J.
Cardella & Victorelli
Clifton, F. R. (2)
Clapham, Harry
Carr, Jas. (minst. "biz")
Carson, Jr., Kit
Combs, Geo. P.
Cromwell, C. J.
Cassidy, J. (in Gilmore & Gibson) (2)
Cole, Wm. (side-show "biz")
Cramley, Bob
Carr, Frank
Camel, Jim (of Scotch Twins)
Dobson, F. B.
Dixon, Henry (late of Hess' Op. Co.)
Dixon, W. G.
Dickeson, H. A.
Dooley, Willie (clogger)
Donovan, J. O.
Down, W. J.
Denier, Tony
Doane, G. E.
Duprez, C. H.
Dodson, Chas. E.
De Haven, Claude
Dixon, T. B.
Dowling, J. J. (2)
Dodge, Ben
Davies, J. Chas.
Eustis, Fenl.
Earle, D. G.
Edouin, Willie
Everett, Geo.
Englehardt, F. J.
Eugene, — (of Eugene & Malcolm)
Emlay, Jas.
Edwards, Ed.
Edwards, Wm.
Frazer, Robt.
Foster, Jr., Wm.
Fithian, Archie
Forbes, Chas. (2)
Fowler, Harry
Frayne, F. I.
Fox, Lew E.
Franklin, W. E.
Forde, T. J.
Gaylord, J. B. (circus agent)
Garland, J. (of Emerson's Minst.) 17c.
Grover, A.
Garrett, Jos.
Gulick, Jos. A.
Garland, Joe (vocalist)
"G. Z."
Grover, Burr H
Gibson, A. G. (Gilmore & Gibson) (2)
Gardner, Chas. ("Hop light Loo")
Gerard, E. (of Tony Pastor's Co.)
Goodwin, Nat
Gannon, Teeside
Girard Bros.
Goroux, Emile
Graves, Jas. H.
Gilmour, W. J.
Goodyear, Chas. W.
Healy, Dr. J.
Hall, J. (of Hall & Dean)
Hall, James
Hart, John
Heath, Phil
Howe, Pres K. (aerial "biz")
Hall, G. W. (showman)
Horgan, W. W.
Hyers, H. (of Hyers' Co.) 50c.
Hall, Clinton
Henry, W. (of N. Y. & N. Co.)
Healy, Conn Lander
Holbrook & Ryan
Howard, Larry (comedian)
Hutchings, Prof. (lightning cale. 3c.)
Healy, F. (of Hennessy & Healy)
Howorth, John
Hunter, Ed. (of Evangeline Co.)
Hennessey Bros.
Hill, John (of Howe's Circus)
Holloway, J. F. (agent)
Heywood, W. (of Heywood Bros.)
Harrigan & Hart
Hammond, John
Hutchings, Richd. D.
Johnston, R. J.
Jones, Arnold (26c. "Joachine")
Johnson, E. W.
Kearney, J. (of Kearney & Moran)
Keller, F. L.
Kelland, Bart
Lindley, A. (late of Canada)
Lawrence, The
Lucas, S. (of Georgia Minst.)
Little, J. Z.
Laughlan, M. V.
Lyle, W. E.
Linton, Guy
Lang, Harry
Leavitt, M. B. (2)
Leland, Mat
Little, Chas.
Leavitt, Andy
Lowanda, Natalio
Lee, J. J. (of Adams & Lee)
Lorella, J. C.
Melville, Chas.
McIntyre & Heath (2) 25c.
Magee, Clem
McIntire, A.
Mack, J. H. (of Emerson's Minst.)
McWade, Robt.
Morey, F. A. W. (wizard)
Manager
Morse, H. M.
Murphy, J. E. (of Murphy & Mack)
"Magic Lantern"
Mcredith, Harry
Mason, Dan
Moore, Neal (of Callender's Minst.)
Murphy, Paddy
Maxwell, Geo. H.
Marlin, Wm.
Marshall, Florence 5c.
Miller, W. F. (of Gt. London Circus)
McClellan, W. B (manager)
Nolte, T. (musician)
Ober, Geo. (comedian)
Pilot, T. (of Janauschek's Co.)
Paul, M. (2)
Patterson, John (Irish "biz")
Pearl, C. C.
Powers & Jas. Mitchell, Dan
Paul, Jalverescor
Peters, A. C.
Paine, Dudley
Pedanto, Thos.
Patterson, John (of Gt. London Circus)
Quinn, Eddie
Queen, Prof. (of Queen's Newt'on.)
Raney, Pat
Rice, J. H.
Rice, Dan (3)
Robinson, Harry (2)
Richey, Mr. (animal decider)
Riches, Geo.
Reed, Chas. F.
Read, Jake
Robinson, O. S.
Rhodes, D.
Ross, D. C.
Rubini, P.
Russell Bros.
Rudolph, Carl
Rullman, Jean
Rosenbaum, E.
Russell, Jas. C. (of Forepaugh's Cir.)
Robie, Louis
singer, Wm. 19c.
Stewart, Richd. (variety "biz")
Swonsbourne, C. H. (2)
St. Leonard, Harry
Smith, C. J. (of Robinson & Minst.)
Stevens, Ben
Smith, Shirley 6c.
Sanyeah, Sam
Sweet, J. D.
Stutz, J. G.
Seamon & Somers
Smith, W. T.
Searles, T. (of Searles Bros.)
Saville, Stephen
Slavin, J. H.
Stowe, W. H.
Tinkham, Ed.
Turner, Lew (ventriloquist)
Titus, W. S.
Taylor, Steve
Tannerer, A.
Taylor, Clarence W.
Thompson, Denman
Villa, Sam B.
Vanderbilt, Frank
Volna, Geo.
Wood, Geo. W.
Wells, C. B.
Winans, Jas. (cornetist)
Woods, J. H. (of Sprague & Minst.)
Wiggins, E. W.
Wells, H. G. (2)
Warner, John E. (agent) (2)
Wilson, — (candy "biz")
White, Chas. (minstrel)
Westbury, D. A.
Wagner & Cotton's Minstrels
Wilson, Geo. (of B. & W. Minst.)
Williams, H. A. B.
Whettoney, Leon
Withers, A. J. (of San Fran. Minst.)
Whitmore, Mr. (of Whitmore & Clark)
Ward, John T.
Wing, C. A.
Wood, W. (of May Fisk's Co.)
Wheeler, Harry
Wood, W. (of Wood & Beasley)
White, — (comedian)
Wiley, L. H. (2)
Ward & Wells
Wallace Bros.
Zimmerman, J. F. (manager)

THE FOLLOWING LETTERS are at Cambridge & Co.'s Dramatic Agency, Chicago, Ill.: Harry Fowler (2), Nettie Wood, Robert Manchester, George L. Pearce, Lillian Thompson, Frazer & Clifford, Nick and May Hughes, Dick Gorman, Wm. Gray, and Kate Raleigh.

Australian Postage.

Further intelligence received upon this subject enables us to state that upon all letters marked San Francisco, Cal., the postage to the colonies of Victoria, south Australia, Tasmania and Queensland, is five cents for each half ounce; to New South Wales, Queensland and New Zealand, twelve cents per half ounce. Newspapers to any of the colonies two cents for each paper.

INTRODUCTORY.

MONDAY, July 8, '78.

Fourth of July week was a scorcher! The handful of habitues who took their accustomed places in the auditoriums of the few theatres remaining open were stewed, fried, broiled and roasted; yet, with a mild forbearance, like tried and trusty soldiers, they kept their positions till the last armed foe had expired upon the stage, and the curtain gave intimation that the show was over, and the season ended. The week witnessed the closing of the Grand Opera-house, the Standard, and the Park Theatres. To console us we have Niblo's Garden, Manager Butler's Stadt House, May Fisk's Blondes, a dime concert or two, the St. Belmont twins at the Aquarium, and two or three variety theatres, and the usual quota of the coolest resorts in the city. Churches fared no better than the theatres—the hot spell shut them up in the fastest time on record, and their pastors rest from their labors, and their works do follow them towards the Paris Exposition.....While the church and stage are in this comatose condition, and the lions and lambs are lying down together in some sequestered nook, or by some purling stream, let not the dear reader imagine for a single moment that he, too, is to have a season of rest and quiet, and freedom from the scalping knife of this magic critic! Already rumors are flying as thick and fast as leaves in Vallambrosa, or any other tract of woodland that has escaped the fell purpose of the woodman's axe. The daily papers are more industrious in this regard than ever before—they are giving so many wonderful stories, so many startling rumors, and so very few facts, that the dazed reader may readily be taken for an another sad case of *coup de soliel!* [Sun stroke.—ED.] They are apportioning out the players in so many different places for the same precise period of time that we find it almost impossible to eradicate one grain of truth from the great mass of unsavory chaff. Where it not that the perplexed reader has the remedy in the "columns of our invaluable paper" [meaning THE CLIPPER—ED.], pitiable indeed would be his condition. In his moments of despair he turns to us, and lo! finds peace, truth, and consolation. [This is a neat little allusion to the recognized worth of the profession, to its reliable reporter, and to its emulation of that great precept so forcibly set before us by the late lamented George.—ED.] He finds the official returns in the business cards of managers and of people, clearly set forth in our advertising department, and which cannot be manipulated by any underground returning board, or other ambiguous by some improbable Mrs. Jenks. Were the players here, and on duty, these complimentary remarks would be made in their behalf. In their absence and enforced idleness, we offer this well-deserved testimony in our own behoof.....Is it wise, think you, to compel Genevieve Ward, who arrived here on Saturday, to give a biographical sketch of her life abroad, of her success on the European stage, and of her future hopes and intentions, with suitable embellishments? And yet the lady appeared in duplicate form in nearly all of our Saturday evening and Sunday papers. These ornamental reminiscences and illustrated sketches will avail her little if not built upon foundations of solid rock and concrete; they lead the public to expect more than sweet Genevieve may be capable of giving them, and therein lies a difficulty that will beset her at the very opening of her reappearance in this country. Upon her merits or demerits must she stand or fall. We offer these few words *not* to discourage the actress, but to put her on her guard against the evils of fulsome flattery and "high-toned exaggeration."..... We have a suggestion to make to the guileless interviewer that may save him and his proposed victim much time, trouble and tribulation. Instead of "laying for" the expected celebrity, and seizing her on shipboard without a moment's warning, let a phonograph and a good supply of tinfoil be sent over before the star takes his or her departure. In this way full particulars may be intoned upon the foil, which can be inclosed in a letter, sent to the gentlemanly interviewer at this end of the line, and all he has to do is to affix the sheet to his cylinder, and thus he gets the whole thing "in advance of all contemporaries." [Those interested will doubtless thank us for this well-timed hint, and act upon it without delay; but conscious of having only performed a simple act of justice in the interest of kindred professions, we desire no thanks at the hands of those benefited.—ED.] .... Joseph took his leave of us last Saturday. He sailed in the Britannic. His nose was not seriously injured by the collision, but, on the contrary, he will be able to sing his beautiful "Lullaby" with clearer emphasis than ever before. We should add here that the gentleman who inadvertently "hit him on the nose" is still among us, divested of all signs of the sanguinary conflict through which he passed on the esplanade.....Having read in one of the papers an item which says that it "costs $550 to raise the curtain during the engagement of a New York company at Bobby Newcomb for calling his new song "Pretty *Primrose*,".....We would mildly but firmly urge Mr. Gilmore's Garden to be better secured for the reception of our representative oarsmen when they return from Europe. Big thing. Let's start it. [Not at all, Jimmy; we have no idea of leaving out the "Shoeys"—it was their misfortune to lose by reason of the illness of one of the crew.].....While the East-river Bridge was being talked we could be able to note the Brooklynites think the "annex" boats *an* excellent thing.....Although Sothern failed to crush the Londoners with his tragic impersonations, nevertheless he has caught them in his "Hornet's Nest." S'death, where is thy sting?.....If there's anything we hate more than bad type, it is to hear the lie given to the notes the players and the play! Whenever we go to a place of amusement, it's just our luck to be placed in a reserved seat behind a post, or a woman with a three-story hat on her head, or in front of parties who buz about the actors till it makes us sick. And yet, we are not so fault-finding now since we came across a man who was still more unfortunate. It was Aimee's benefit—house jammed—we were sent up aloft—half an hour after we were seated, the usher ushed a late-comer right next to us, the only vacant spot up there. When the gentleman went to turn down the seat, it wasn't there! For some unexplained reason the seat had been taken out during the day, and not replaced! We shall always believe that that vacant chair was intended for us; but in the hurry and confusion, we got the seat intended for another man. But we digress, probably. One fearfully hot night last week, seeing a theatre advertised as the coolest house in the city, we decided to take it in, and make ourselves comfortable. Apprehensive that the rising temperature outside would drive hundreds of others like ourself to seek the cool and refreshing, we arrange, guaranteed by the manager of this ice-house, we very cunningly sought the friendly aid of a speculator, to whom we consigned two dollars in return for a coupon ticket for a choice orchestra chair. When we entered this alleged cool and inviting retreat we were so disappointed and enraged and disgusted, that it is a wonder we did not curse. The place was as hot as a heated oven—there weren't one hundred persons in the entire house, and our *choice* seat was right in front of a devilish old screw, who was showing the sights of New York to a friend from Cohoes! He knew every actor on that stage; he was as familiar with the manufacturers of the actresses as chalk is like cheese; he never ceased. When the leading lady came out (and she is not only a good actress, but a beautiful woman) that old highbinder opened on her; and as it is just as easy for us to write poetry as prose, we propose to put in rhyme the malicious remarks of

HE WHO SAT BEHIND US.

He said the lady padded, and this information added,
That he "knew her like a book;"
That her name was Peg O'Malley, and she joined the "Star" Co. in Buffalo.
When they first produced "The Crook;"
That she wedded with a "rounder," who did nothing else but spend her
Though she gave him all her pay;
That she had a way of winking, was very fond of drinking,
And was fifty, if a day.

The villainous malicious character he gave this good and virtuous lady so exasperated us that we quietly arose from our seat and went out into the "dark, Plutonian night.".....It's very well that the theatres are closed, for excursions and picnics and chowder parties would cut into them like smoke. Elegant boats navigate the waters of the great deep, second to none, and a ride will keep you through, if you carry your own lunch. Moonlight excursions are also in order, and those who are prevented from spending the dog-days out of town have the blessed privilege of passing a day at Rockaway, or an afternoon at Manhattan Beach, or taking a flying trip up the Hudson to Albany and back, or down to the Branch, to Oceanic Grove, to Fire Island—"anywhere, anywhere, out of this world" of brownstone and brick and sunshine and soda. We propose a few lines of

POETRY.

It is a very pleasant joke on a summer afternoon
To chip in with the girl of your heart's delight,
And hire a boat for two shillings an hour,
Which extendeth far into the night.
This experience was ours, when the shades of last eve
And the moon in its prettiest glory
Looked down on us two, with her eyes all aglow,
As we told her the old, old story.
[More to come.—ED.]

FACT AND FANCY FOCUSED.

Longfellow's poem "The Masque of Pandora" has been set to music by Mrs. Meadows White, an English lady, whose "Pandora" overture has recently been performed at a New Philharmonic concert in London.....Henry Kemble and Charles Santley the baritone returned to England in the steamer Russia on July 4..... A theatrical paper has been started at Trieste. Its title is *Il Telefono*.....R. J. De Cordova and Miss Jeffreys Lewis arrived here from Liverpool, Eng., July 2, in the Scythia.....Barker & Collyer's De Lemur is the latest artistic grand piano in the world. It has just been finished by Broadwood, and is formed and decorated in the Byzantine manner. The seat is a sort of throne; the top of the instrument is enriched with inlays of vari-colored woods, ivory, mother-of-pearl and ebony; indeed, it is a mass of exquisitely-carved woods and ivory. The panels on the carved side contain inscribed figures of owls, highlights and cockatoos, with lines of music figuring the notes of each bird; and inside the cover are large panels of ivory destined to receive autograph signatures of the distinguished musicians who from time to time shall play upon the instrument..... It is announced that Theresa, the notorious Parisian vocalist, is about to wed Raoul Douval, a French actor.....Mary Ann Dunigan, proprietor of Rahleen's dance house, No. 812 Eighth avenue, was arrested on July 4, charged with selling liquors in violation of the law. Rahleen was paroled by Justice Kilbreth.....Miss Gertie Granville has been engaged by Miss Schoolcraft to play the part of Violet T. in stage-business.....While Miss Marie Prescott was travelling in a street-car in Covington, Ky., July 2, thieves picked her pocket and stole about one dollar and fifty dollars in money.....Oxford, O., has a promising "recitationist" in little Miss Phœbe Grenan.....During the performance at the Olympic Theatre, Central avenue, Cincinnati, O., on the night of July 1, the entire skylight, of ribbed glass, fell to the floor with an alarming crash. Only one person was injured.....Miss Georgia Tyler of the Boston Museum was married at Westfield, Mass. July 2.....The comedy failure is Daniel Kent, a young Boston lawyer.....Miss Annie Celeste Connell, who claims to play the piano while subjugated by spirits of the immaterialized band, gave several corpheus, serio-comic and negro singers, premiere dancers, and a ballet master.

A PORTION or all of the European Museum at 37 and 39 Bowery, is offered for sale. See Prof. McGlenen's card.

THE COLISEUM, formerly Gayety Theatre, Harlem, is advertised as open for rental.

THE VINING BENefit.—Chas. E. Morris, treasurer of the fund, reports that he paid to Mrs. Bowers $250, for which he holds receipts, and he believes that from outstanding tickets some $20 more may be realized. It is the wish of the committee to extend their thanks to the ladies and gentlemen of the profession who labored in behalf of this benefit; to Shook & Palmer for the gratuitous use of the theatre; Richardson & Foos, A. S. Seers, Union-square Programme Company, printers; Paulding & Moore, billposters, for their generosity; and also to several newspapers for reductions in their bills for advertising.

AT THE LONDON, Manager Donaldson presents the following fresh attractions this week: Delehanty and Hengler, J. F. Sheridan and Alecia Jourdan, and the French Twin Sisters.

DRAMATIC.

FRANK I. FRAYNE'S sensational drama "The Cross of Lead" is highly recommended by Manager Goodwin of the Walnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia. Managers wishing to produce it are referred to Mr. Frayne's advertisement.

A TALENTED ACTRESS is wanted for a sensational piece. See Macaulay's card.

.....Edward Harrigan's new song, "I am Going Abroad with Pa," has been sung by Tony Hart in San Francisco.....Eben Plympton is in the White Mountains.....W. Irving Bishop, the handler of ghosts, sailed for Europe on July 6.....Among Com. Booker's guests in the Plymouth Rock on July 7 were Lizzie Kelsey, Minnie Cummings, Clara Cole and her mother, Eme Rosenal, David Bidwell and wife, Frank Little, John A. Duff, Samuel Colville, Henry C. Jarrett, and Benson Sherwood and Max Maretzek. The trip was to Newburg and back.....F. A. Schwab, dramatic critic and author, departed for England on July 6.....Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Lingard have gone there at last. He is sometimes called Halifax.....Charles Roberts Jr., dramatic reader, is located for the Summer at Seneca Falls, N. Y.....E. A. Sothern is announced to make a flying visit to this country, via the steamship Adriatic, this month; then to begin a tour of the English provinces on Sept. 16, which will close Dec. 7 so as to permit him to open at the Park Theatre, this city, Dec. 24. Among the English actors who are to comprise his company for next season are Mr. Bentley, Walter Harrreaves, Miss Julia Stewart, Miss Illington, and Miss Lucy Buckstone.....Adelina Patti will pass this Summer in the north of Wales. She is to be no litigation towards a dissolution of her marriage with the Marquis of Caux.....F. H. Cowen the song-writer, who has been visiting Cheltenham for his health, and took in the Cincinnati Festival, is now on his way home to England.....Mlle. Stella Fassina has reached London, and is to pass through the ordeal of a private trial trip before her long-promised English debut will be risked.....Rose and Harry Watkins and their own company, including Amy Lee, acted in "Trodden Down" to unremunerative business in the Standard Theatre. A benefit for the attaches closed the supplementary season.

MISS KATE CLAXTON, acting Louise in "The Two Orphans," was the attraction at Niblo's Garden last week. Although the business was remunerative, it was not sufficiently so to warrant the continuance of the piece another week, the company being too expensive. The attendance on the holiday was larger than at any other week-side theatre. For future reference we append the cast: Louise, Miss Kate Claxton; Henriette, Miss Emily C. Baker; Marianne, Miss Kate Meek; Countess de Linieres, Miss Mary Hill; La Frochard, Mrs. Louise Eldridge; Sister Genevieve, Miss Mary Maddern; Julie, Miss Marie Chester; Florette, Miss Lizzie Hudson; Sister Therese, Miss Bessie Turner.

HORACE WALL is to return to England in August next to take charge of Mr. Sothern's business until he returns here in December.

LEWIS WILLIS, the colored bareback-rider, sailed for England July 4. His address is in care of St. James' Hall, Liverpool.

MISS BESSIE DARLING sailed for England, in the steamship City of Montreal, July 4.

"EAST LYNNE" is to be revived at Niblo's Garden July 8, and Miss Gussie De Forrest will impersonate Lady Isabel and Mme. Vine.

THE MISSES LORELLAS, Edna Markley and Mabel Pearl are the arrivals this week at the Stadt Theatre.

THE BROADWAY THEATRE was reopened July 1 for one week for the purpose of presenting Imogene in a new piece by James Robertson, entitled "Estrata," but it attracted slight attention from the public.

MISS GENEVIEVE WARD, who will make a tour of the country next season, under the management of Jarrett & Palmer, arrived from England July 6, in the steamship City of Berlin, which also brought to our shores Mme. Anna Bishop, the well-known vocalist, who returns after a tour around the world.

HAMILTON CORBETT, a Scottish tenor, arrived from Glasgow, Scotland, in the steamship Ethiopia, July 2. He intends giving a series of musical entertainments here.

HARRY MINER'S NEW LONDON was formally dedicated July 1. During the week the company announced in our past issue appeared in their various specialties, giving a pleasing and diversified entertainment. The location seems to be a good one, and we doubt not the enterprise and business sagacity of the proprietor and manager, Mr. Miner, will make his new theatre successful.

ROBERT W. BUTLER opened the Stadt Theatre July 4 for a season of variety performances; but, owing to the high temperature and the abundance of theatres on the east-side which offer their patrons similar entertainments, the attendance was meagre. Mons. La Thorne, the veteran stage-manager, for so many years associated with Mr. Butler, had charge of affairs behind the curtain, and was assisted by Joseph Ali, leader of orchestra; Mike Hurley, scenic-artist; Henry Metzger, machinist; and Thomas Connolly, gas-engineer; while George F. Metcalf took charge of the receipts in his capacity of treasurer. The programme, like those of other house-bills, included the sketch of "Our New Man," acted by George F. Ketchum, Harry Wood and Gertrude Willoughby; an essence by Little Mac; songs-and-dances by Lydia Yeamans; "Ordinary Conversation" by Bob Hart and Little Mac; songs by Christine Percy; songs-and-dances by James Richfield and Barry Wood and Lydia Yeamans in the musical sketch of "Barney's Return;" Irish songs by John D. Griffin; the Big Four in their act entitled "Wonders," and other comicalities; a stump-speech by Bob Hart: Little Todd in contortion feats and acrobatic performances on the golden column; songs by Edith Irving; and the sketch of "The Rehearsal."

JOS. K. EMMET and his agent, Chas. Burnham, sailed for Europe July 6. All communications in regard to the production of "New Fritz" can be addressed to Thos. W. Brown, as per card.

MISS ILLINGTON, who is to support Henry Irving during his forthcoming tour in the provinces of England, is to come to America with E. A. Sothern next Winter.

RUSSELL S. BASSETT departs shortly for San Francisco, Cal., where he is engaged for next season in the California Theatre.

H. J. MONTAGUE, R. E. Warde, John W. Carroll, J. W. Shannon, and the Misses Jeffreys Lewis and Maude Granger left for San Francisco, Cal., last week, to act in "Diplomacy" in the California Theatre.

MISS EMILY E. BAKER, who gained much popularity by her clever impersonations of Valentine in "A Celebrated Case," and Henriette in "The Two Orphans," in Niblo's Garden, recently, will pass the Summer in Atlantic City, N. J. Next season she is to travel with J. W. Collier's Combination.

A. H. HASTINGS contemplates returning to England to practice his profession.

AT THE DALY THEATRE departures July 6 were Chas. O. White, to Detroit, Mich.; Charley Banks, Frank Bennett, Georgie Kaine, Charley Burke, Frank Campbell, and Ida Maussey, who remain in town; Sig. Giovanni, to Boston; and Miss Lilian Howard, to Washington, D. C. White & Banks have severed their connection with this theatre, and Faas & Morris are the present managers.

GEO. W. ORRIN arrived in town from Cuba July 5.

JULIA WILSON, having finished her engagement with the Denman Thompson Company, has returned to her home, in this city, where she will pass the Summer.

S. T. JACK, manager of the John T. Raymond Combination, arrived in this city July 6, to fill dates for next season.

THE AGNES WALLACE-VILLA COMBINATION returned to this city July 5 after a continuous season of 40 weeks.

THE METROPOLITAN MUTUAL DRAMATIC and Variety Agency requests all artists on Caverly's books to register their names again. They state that they will issue a weekly record of all artists who are booked with their house. They also advertise for a full dramatic company and a combination, several corpheus, serio-comic singers, premiere dancers, and a ballet master.

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Managers, Agents, Doorkeepers, and Others

Are respectfully requested not to ext

AT THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Detroit, Mich., business, excepting at the matinee July 4, was light. Closing 6: Mulligan and Morris, Dan Mason, Indianapolis: Freeman Sisters, home to Philadelphia for the Summer; Marie Jasper, Grand Rapids; J. P. and Adelaide Hill, travel with a dramatic company through small towns in Michigan; Nick Norton resigns his position as stage-manager, and returns to the Academy, Chicago. He had a benefit 6, when a host of volunteers assisted. Joe Lang will assume for a short time the management. Beginning 8, this theatre will be run on the commonwealth plan, each one playing on percentage of the house receipts. The new arrivals are Chas. Perham and Kelly and Neary.....At the Metropolitan, biz is reported good. On the 8th the new people are Carrie St. Clair, Nettie Richards and Frankie Sydney. No one closing 6.

AT THE ATLANTIC GARDEN, Fort Wayne, Ind., business was good last week. Closed 6: Manchester and Jennings, to Painsville, O., to resuscitate for a few weeks, and Grace Thomas, to Indianapolis. Opening 8: D'Alve Sisters, B. S. Hodges and Lillie Bliss.....At Dayton's Summer Garden business was also good. There were no changes.

THE GRAND CENTRAL THEATRE, Troy, N. Y., closed summarily with the performances of July 4. Fachon's Brunette Troupe, under the management of J. D. Ward, occupied the house on shares at the time, and were giving good entertainments, but the weather was too hot for profitable business, so Mr. Ward withdrew his forces and left for New Jersey by boat July 5. The rent being past due, the agent of the owner has taken possession. The season, which opened Oct. 1, 1877, was successful as a whole, but for some weeks the house has been a dead-go in the merit of the entertainment, costing the management much respectable patronage. The house will be cleaned and refitted during the Summer, in readiness for a new manager in the Autumn. Letter of July 7.

THE FIFTH AVENUE LYCEUM, Pittsburg, Pa., was reopened for a short season July 1. Our correspondent, writing on the 6th, says: "The programme comprised the following features: 'Scenes in a Medical College,'' by Ed. Kelly, Geo. Anderson, John Franklin and Sam Cole, songs by Carrie Berger, dances by Ida Bertha, songs-and-dances by Williams and Sully, Foy Sisters' specialties, Edward Kelly in songs-and-dances, Jennie Martin's specialties, "Two Orphans," by Messrs. Williams, Sully, Kelly, Anderson and Stevens; and concluding with Scanlon and Cronin's "Life in a Tenement House." The performances throughout were meritorious, but the bad weather made business light. The place closes after the performances of the 6th.....The entertainments given at Trimble's Varieties Theatre July 3, 4, 5, 6, were not largely patronized. Among the new people appearing were Mortimer Williams, John Gaver, Foreman and Gallagher, Runnels and West, Williams and Murphy, Sig. Barnardo, Mlle. Florence, Miss Lillian Thompson and Master Eddie Crawford. Included in the new attractions announced for next week are Chas. Benedict and Antonia's Female Minstrels.....Miss Carrie Wentworth, Mr. and Mrs. Brennan, Miss Louisa Murio, Fernando Fleury and Capt. Geo. Liable constitute the company at Tivoli Garden, and attract numerous audiences nightly."

HEYWOOD'S NEW YORK SERENADERS played in Shiloton, Wis., July 1, Manawa 2, Scandinavia 3, Lacrosse 4, New London 5, Blackview 6. The company, which is under the management of Wm. Heywood, assisted by Joseph Harrison, stage-manager, and J. A. Crosville, leader of the orchestra, includes Billy Adams, Burgess and Whitney, the Dashington Brothers, J. A. Latter, Signor Martine, Jay Snyder and E. B. Fitz Jr.

THE COLISEUM, at Far Rockaway, L. I., built last season for a variety show and Summer garden, can be rented or purchased by applying to Thos. F. Wynn, as per card.

VARIETY THEATRES IN THE FAR WEST.—A correspondent, writing from Leadville, Col., under date of June 22, gives the following description of amusements there:

This is the seat of the latest mining excitement. Ten months ago there were but a few log cabins here, and now it is a bustling, roaring, crowded town of about 4,000 inhabitants, with the usual accompaniments of theatres, dance halls, gambling-rooms, etc. The first amusement enterprise was the Theatre Comique, opened by Captain Frank Scarlelle when the place was in its infancy. He used a bowling alley for the theatre, and did a good business for a while; but he was obliged to close, owing to the expense and time required to get new faces here. The next place opened was the little Coliseum Novelty Theatre, in which the initial performance was given June 1, with a company consisting of the Robinson Family, triple song and dance; Lola Martinez, serio-comic; Ella La Rue, banjoist and cornet soloist; Mollie Somers, character act; Sam Murdy, Dave McCoy, A. J. Perry; Dan J. Sprague, stage-manager, and Prof. Holly, leader of orchestra. This place is Colorado, one of the coolest little theatres, and reflects great credit on the proprietors, Messrs. Chas. Search & Con. Cadogan, whose energy and liberality are commendable. The building cost $8,000, and its appointments would do credit to a Eastern city. Manager Mr. Sprague, the stage manager, has just arrived from Denver, bringing the following new people: Fannie Knight, operatic vocalist; Tillie Bonfort, serio-comic; Ella Rue, balladist and dancer; Ginlyen and Ainsley, acrobatic kickers; and Joe Quigley, cornettist, all of whom opened June 25. The closures 22 were A. J. Perry, Ella La Rue, Mollie Somers and Little Matties. Dave McCoy closes 29. A few days after the opening of the Coliseum came the dedication of the Theatre Comique. Tom Kemp proprietor. As is expected of Tom, everything about the Comique is on a grand scale. The whole building is 66 by 100 ft. Extending through the centre is the audience-room, with seats for 500, and on either side are elegantly-fitted boxes, capable of holding 450 more. At the right of the audience-room, on entering, are the parlors and suites of rooms occupied by the employes, fitted in a style of elegance surpassing anything ever before seen away out here amid the cloud-capped sierras of the Rocky Mountains. On the left, entered by a door from the magnificent saloon, is the grand promenade and cardroom, where the lucky miners may win or lose "on the turn" at any conceivable game. On the opening night the rooms were crowded. The company appeared to good advantage, and all made a hit. The performers were Ned Harry, character vocalist; Sam Bruce, Tom Murphy and Matt Lewis, comedians; Collins Brothers, horizontal bar and double song and dance; Antonio Sisters—Lottie, Annie and Sadie—song and-dance, jig-dancers and serio-comics; Lizzie Warren, song and dance; Melville Sisters and Ada Marcel, operatic vocalists; Ella Martinez, Belle Estelle, serio comic; and Master Harry and La Petite Lizzie, who are quite clever in double sketches. Dave McCoy opens for the season in his drama Donald the Fenian Spy." Tom Murphy and Belle Estelle closed 19. Ned Harry is stage-manager, J. J. Reilly scenic artist, and Tony Ramus leader of orchestra.

NEGRO MINSTRELSY.

ACCIDENT.—While the New Orleans Minstrels and Boston Concert Troupe were in traveling from Liverpool, Nova Scotia, to Bridgewater, the horse attached to the vehicle containing James Hill and P. Finmara became frightened and ran away. The wagon struck an obstruction by the roadside, and was dashed to pieces. The occupants were thrown out, and Mr. Hill received several severe cuts about the head and shoulders, while Mr. Finmara escaped with a few slight bruises.

CAPT. THOS. G. FUNSTON of Philadelphia, who was accidentally shot and killed on June 29 by the discharge of a revolver he was cleaning, was formerly treasurer of the Seventh-street Opera-house, in that city, under the management of Sam S. Sandford, and for a short time afterwards conducted a dramatic agency. He was 52 years of age, and served in the Mexican War and in the Rebellion.

A MINSTREL PARTY is wanted to play in Bucyrus, O., Aug. 20, 21, 22. Address Fulton & Kaler, as per card.

BILLY SWEATNAM has leased the Arch-street Opera-house, Philadelphia, Pa., for next season, and will open it early in September with a company to be known as Sweatnam's Minstrels.

THE VETERAN SAM D. ATKINSON'S band of negro minstrels are giving an entertainment daily on the steamer Republic, running between Philadelphia and Cape May.

CIRCUSES.

P. T. BARNUM'S "GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH" exhibits in Buffalo, N. Y., July 12, 13, Dunkirk 15, Erie 16, Cleveland, O., 17, 18, Sandusky 19, Toledo 20, Detroit, Mich., 22, Ann Harbor 23, Jackson 24, Three Rivers 25, South Bend, Ind., 26, Laporte 27, Chicago, Ill., 29, for one week. Business is reported large. The advance brigade, consisting of J. O. Jennings, H. M. Jennings, James Donahue, Robt. McGrath, Jos. H. Brown, Dave Holbrook, B. Marks, Wm. E. Van Velsor, E. A. Fling, W. Myers, Geo. Simmons, Fred Wild and Geo. G. Starr, formed a Commonwealth organization while in Dunkirk, N. Y.

FOREPAUGH'S CIRCUS is billed in Marinette, Wis., July 26, Ishpeming, Mich., 27, Fond du Lac, Wis., about Aug. 1, thence towards St. Paul, Minn.

"OLD" JOHN ROBINSON'S SHOW exhibited in Rockport, Ind., July 4, Tell City 5, Owensboro, Ky., 6, and is billed in Evansville, Ind., 8, Henderson, Ky., 9, Uniontown 10.

JAMES ANDERSON & CO.'S Menagerie and Circus will show in Wheatland, Mo., July 8, Urbana 9, Buffalo 10, Bolivar 12, Walnut Grove 13, Greenfield 15, Stockton 16, Virgil City 17, Nevada 18, Poppleville 19, Butler 20.

VAN AMBURGH & CO.'S MENAGERIE and Circus will exhibit in Michigan City, Ind., July 8, Owasso, Mich., 15, Niagara Falls, N. Y., 22; then in Canada for two weeks, and into the British Provinces. Two sets of contractors and two sets of billposters are now in advance of the show. Several cages of animals are to be added in Michigan City. Four elks were purchased in Minnesota, and are now driven in the procession by Andrew Gaffney.

"BARNUM AT CONEY ISLAND."—There is not a particle of truth in the announcement made under the above caption, that Mr. Barnum has purchased land at Coney Island, and contemplates opening a show there. This report has probably been started by land-speculators. The "New and Only Greatest Show on Earth," exhibiting under three mammoth tents, and transported on nearly a hundred railway cars, is now at Syracuse, N. Y., and will proceed westward as far as Missouri, returning through Ohio and other States to New York, where it will open for four weeks early in October, at the Hippodrome building. The average daily attendance on his traveling exhibition is, we are assured, seventeen thousand. He has but this one exhibition, and does not contemplate any other.

W. W. COLE'S CIRCUS is billed in Detroit, Mich., July 29.

P. T. BARNUM'S BIRTHDAY.—When Barnum's "Greatest Show on Earth" exhibited in Geneva, N. Y., July 5, Mr. Barnum, in addressing the audience from the arena, stated that on that day he was sixty-eight years of age. After the close of the performances at night, J. H. Withers, leader of the band, and his musicians serenaded the veteran showman at his hotel, in the presence of a large concourse of people. Mr. Barnum made an appropriate speech, and later refreshments were partaken of in the hotel.

W. H. MORGAN, hurdle-rider, advertises for an engagement.

W. H. BATCHELLER notifies us by telegram that he has sent by express four hundred and fifty dollars, making five hundred in all, for Frank A. Gardner to cover. [Up to the time of going to press, the money had not had time to reach here.—ED. CLIPPER.]

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, was visited by some 6,000 persons on the Fourth of July, the attraction then being the patriotic ceremonies conducted under the auspices of the Grand Army of the Republic, followed by the ascension of two balloons and a concert by Hassler's orchestra.....The Zoological Garden received more than the average share of patronage on the Fourth.

THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Omaha, Neb., has been leased by T. F. Lyon, city-billposter, who advertises that he will rent it or play companies on sharing terms.

PROF. DARE, gymnast and rope-walker, can be engaged for the fairs. See address in another column.

DOLAN'S OPERA-HOUSE, Logansport, Ind., having a seating capacity of one thousand, can be rented through Wm. Dolan, proprietor. No sharing terms, but the rent is low.

"PARTNER" advertises for a partner to help him put a company on the road.

CHARLEY WHITE'S hotel and restaurant, No. 30 West Thirteenth street, this city, is advertised as being furnished with every convenience. It is managed on the European plan, and gentlemen can secure good rooms on reasonable terms.

SMITH O'BRIEN and H. A. B. WILLIAMS have organized a small company, and will move from Cleveland, O., making their first stand at Painesville, July 15. They carry with them a panorama of religious subjects, and a quartet of male and female voices. R. T. Harris has been engaged as the advance agent.

H. A. B. WILLIAMS informs us that possibly he will accompany S. S. Baldwin, ex-poser of spiritualism, to Australia next Fall.

ONE OF EDISON'S phonographs, and the right to exhibit it in sixteen counties in Pennsylvania, can be purchased of W. J. Chappelle, who advertises.

C. F. MILLETT, a lumber-merchant in Austin, Texas, is erecting a new opera-house there, which will be opened about Nov. 1. It will have a seating capacity of twelve hundred, and will be furnished with first-class stage-equipments, dressing-rooms, etc. Parties desiring to rent the house can learn further particulars by addressing Mr. Millett.

MARIONETTES, performing dogs and birds and other attractions are wanted for the Iowa Industrial Exposition, which will be held at Des Moines from Sept. 4 to Oct. 5. Address at once as per advertisement.

THE LOW'S OPERA-HOUSE, Greenville, S. C. can be rented through W. E. Spier, business-manager. It is described as a first-class brick theatre, capable of seating seven hundred, and furnished with a stage, scenery, etc. Greenville is well located on two lines of railroad, and the Mansion House boards professionals at special rates.

C. M. COOPER, while on his way home, at a late hour, from the Lyceum, Pittsburg, Pa., June 27, writes a correspondent who signs himself "G. Clifford," "and just before reaching the Smithfield Bridge, was suddenly attacked by two men, who emerged from the gloom of the locality. A scuffle ensued, in which Cooper shot one of the assailants, receiving at the same time a stab from behind, which, it is thought, will prove fatal. One of his assailants was arrested. Cooper is under good care, and will be well in a few days. Highway robbery was the intention." [The writer's statement is somewhat incoherent, as he says it is thought Mr. Cooper's wound will prove fatal, and afterwards says that he will be well in a few days.—ED. CLIPPER.]

THE OPERA-HOUSE, Joplin, Mo., can be rented or secured on sharing terms through A. J. Blackwell, proprietor.

YANK NEWELL, business agent, now with Mlle. Henri's Burlesque Company, closes his engagement July 13, and can be secured by those desiring having an agent possessing the qualifications mentioned in his card in this issue.

PROF. MARCUS HERRMAN, magician, performed at the Belvedere Garden, Wheeling, W. Va., July 4, 5, 6, 7. He opens in Pittsburg, Pa., 8 for one week.

THE TELEPHONE at the Old South Church, Boston, Mass., and Richtel's flying-machine in Tremont Temple, were exhibited last week.

SIGNOR PEDANTO crossed the Genesee River at Portage, N. Y., on a tight-rope, July 4. A large number of excursionists were present from adjacent towns. The rope was stretched across a chasm estimated to be 1,000 ft. wide and 230 deep, at the bottom of which the river flowed between the abutments of a high railroad bridge and the upper falls. The performance also spanned the valley Canal, which runs near the river. After Pedanto had walked out some distance on the rope, it swayed so badly that it became necessary for men to climb up the skeleton iron piers of the bridge to tighten the guy-ropes. When he reached the centre of the rope, he secured to it his balance-pole and affixed the ropes of a trapeze, to which he descended and performed a variety of feats, such as hanging by his hands and feet alternately, and finally by one arm. Ascending to the rope and regaining his balance-pole, he assumed a variety of difficult postures, in crossing to the other side he was greeted by cheers and music. Later he performed the feat of walking head downward between two piers of the bridge, supporting himself by placing his feet in rings suspended from the rope at short intervals.

THE SIXTH ANNUAL MEETING of the International Billiard Association of North America is to be held in Indianapolis, Ind., July 10.

LOW'S OPERA-HOUSE, Providence, R. I., is being remodeled, under the direction of Wallace Hume of Chicago, and it will be reopened about the middle of September, after which it can be rented through William H. Low Jr., who advertises. The improvements are of a substantial character, the enlargement of the stage, the addition of dressing-rooms and new scenery, and of four proscenium-boxes, retiring-rooms and a balcony in the auditorium. The entrance has also been widened, and is now on a level with the sidewalk.

A PANORAMA of Solomon's Temple and Jerusalem—twenty-two large pictures, with fixtures complete—is advertised for sale by D. H.

HAAS' OPERA-HOUSE, Wabash, Ind., is advertised to rent. It will seat six hundred, and is furnished with scenery, etc. A good company can secure the house on percentage for the Fair-week, Sept. 12 to 15, and Mr. Haas wants to engage a scenic-artist.

EDITH HART, the long-haired lady, and James Hughes, both of George A. Anderson's Museum, were married in Pittsburg, Pa., June 30.

SULLIVAN'S MIRROR OF IRELAND opens for one week at Rochester, N. Y., July 8.

S. S. BALDWIN has returned from a tour through the copper regions of Lake Superior to Terre Haute, Ind., where he will rest during the next six weeks.

THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Richmond, Va., can be rented on reasonable terms through W. W. Putnam, manager.

THE GRAND OPERA-HOUSE, Toronto, Canada, can be secured by all first-class attractions. The new management starts with the house has now no stock-holders, and will be fitted up in excellent style, offering every inducement to managers. Business manager Pitou's card elsewhere gives particulars.

GEORGE A. SAWIN, an experienced advance-agent, can be engaged. See card.

AMATEUR.

E. HICKS HATHURST, a veteran amateur, was recently elected president of the Wheatley Dramatic Association of Philadelphia.

FOREIGN SHOW NEWS.

DRAMATIC.

IN LONDON, ENG., up to June 29, there had been no changes at the theatres. Gilbert's burlesque comedy of "Engaged," with the original accompaniments of theatre, dance halls, gambling-rooms, etc. The first amusement enterprise was the Theatre Comique, opened by Captain Frank Scarlelle when the place was in its infancy. He used a bowling alley for the theatre, and did a good business for a while; but he was obliged to close, owing to the expense and time required to get new faces here. The next place opened was the little Coliseum Novelty Theatre, in which the initial performance was given June 1, with a company consisting of the Robinson Family, triple song and dance; Lola Martinez, serio-comic; Ella La Rue, banjoist and cornet soloist; Mollie Somers, character act; Sam Murdy, Dave McCoy, A. J. Perry; Dan J. Sprague, stage-manager, and Prof. Holly, leader of orchestra. This place is Colorado, one of the coolest little theatres in Colorado, and reflects great credit on the proprietors, Messrs. Chas. Search & Con. Cadogan, whose energy and liberality are commendable. The building cost $8,000, and its appointments would do credit to a Eastern city. Manager Mr. Sprague, the stage manager, has just arrived from Denver, bringing the following new people: Fannie Knight, operatic vocalist; Tillie Bonfort, serio-comic; Ella La Rue, balladist and dancer; Ginlyen and Ainsley, acrobatic kickers; and Joe Quigley, cornettist, all of whom opened June 25. The closures 22 were A. J. Perry, Ella La Rue, Mollie Somers and Little Matties. Dave McCoy closes 29. A few days after the opening of the Coliseum came the dedication of the Theatre Comique. Tom Kemp proprietor. As is expected of Tom, everything about the Comique is on a grand scale. The whole building is 66 by 100 ft. Extending through the centre is the audience-room, with seats for 500, and on either side are elegantly-fitted boxes, capable of holding 450 more. At the right of the audience-room, on entering, are the parlors and suites of rooms occupied by the employes, fitted in a style of elegance surpassing anything ever before seen away out here amid the cloud capped sierras of the Rocky Mountains. On the left, entered by a door from the magnificent saloon, is the grand promenade and card-room, where the lucky miners may win or lose "on the turn" at any conceivable game. On the opening night the rooms were crowded. The company appeared to good advantage, and all made a hit. The performers were Ned Harry, character vocalist; Sam Bruce, Tom Murphy and Matt Lewis, comedians; Collins Brothers, horizontal bar and double song and dance; Antonio Sisters—Lottie, Annie and Sadie—song and-dance, jig-dancers and serio-comics; Lizzie Warren, song and dance; Melville Sisters and Ada Marcel, operatic vocalists; Ella Martinez, Belle Estelle, serio comic; and Master Harry and La Petite Lizzie, who are quite clever in double sketches. Dave McCoy opens for the season in his drama Donald the Fenian Spy." Tom Murphy and Belle Estelle closed 19. Ned Harry is stage-manager, J. J. Reilly scenic artist, and Tony Ramus leader of orchestra.

Casting aside all restraint, and very properly throwing her heart and soul into her part, she affords us a pronounced and sensational portraiture of this shameless character, such as, it may safely be said, the operatic stage has never before exhibited. Old opera-goers will agree at this novel exhibition of complete abandon; but the force of the impersonation carried all before it, and it is an indisputable fact that the success "Carmen" gained was due in a great measure to the ability of the young American artist. She was worthily seconded by Signor Campanini, who, except on account of the unnecessary coarseness of the death scene, gave a most powerful delineation of the part of the gilted lover Don Jose. Mlle. Valeria was a pretty representative of the part of the peasant girl Michaela, and, although the refined art of Signor del Puente, in the midst of the highly melodramatic attitude of his companions, made his bullfighter a somewhat tame personage, that character and the smaller parts were exceedingly well rendered. The opera is magnificently mounted, with splendid scenery and with new and gorgeous dresses."

MRS. NILSSON had left London, Eng., for Spain. In September she is to commence a tour of the English provinces.

THE CUNARD COMPANY has placed a special steamship at the disposal of Mr. Mapleson to transport his opera company to New York City. On July 20 he is to have a complimentary testimonial under the patronage of the Prince and Princess of Wales and others of the nobility. There will be a concert, a ballet, an opera, and a display of fireworks. Among the latter will be a set piece representing the Academy of Music, New York, and another giving Mr. Mapleson's portrait.

MUSICAL NOTES ABROAD.—The band of La Scala has been praised by the Paris critics; but at present the Exhibition concerts have been a complete financial failure. ..... The loss of Wagner

RATES.

SUBSCRIPTION.—Per annum, in advance, $4; six months, $2; three months, $1, including postage to any part of the United States. Foreign postage extra. Single copies 10 cents each. No deduction to clubs or agents.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—Agate type measure, 14 lines to an inch.—Department Notices, cooled from and credited to other journals, 35 cents per line, the same notices to be inserted once only. Advertisements under the head of AMUSEMENTS, 15 cents per line; Miscellaneous and Sporting Advertisements, 20 cents per line—for each and every insertion. A deduction of 20 per cent. from these rates will be made for advertisements when paid for three months in advance by the advertiser. Advertising agents are not allowed this or any other deduction further than their regular commission. Cuts and displayed type in advertisements charged at the same rates for space occupied.

OUR TERMS ARE CASH.—Advertisements to be paid for at the time of insertion.

THE CLIPPER is issued every Tuesday morning. The first, fourth, fifth and eighth pages GO TO PRESS ON SATURDAY, and the second, third, sixth and seventh pages on Monday evening. Advertisements intended for the outside pages should reach us not later than noon on Saturday, and all favors should reach us early on Monday to insure their insertion in that week's issue.

ADVERTISEMENTS SENT BY TELEGRAPH must reach there not later than 6 P. M. on Monday.

TO AVOID LOSS, when remitting money by mail, we would advise our patrons to register their letters or procure Post-office orders. Make all orders payable to and address all communications

FRANK QUEEN,
Editor and Proprietor,
P. O. Box 3,380, or CLIPPER BUILDING,
88 and 90 Centre street, New York.

THE CLIPPER is for sale in LONDON, ENGLAND, at the American Exchange, 449 Strand, Charing Cross, W. C.

HAAS' OPERA-HOUSE,
WABASH, IND.
Population, 5,000; seats, 600 chairs; full sets scenery; good, large dressing-rooms. Companies taken on rental or percentage. I also want a SCENE-PAINTER to paint two scenes. A. HAAS.

WANTED,
A GOOD COMPANY
FOR FAIR-WEEK,
SEPT. 12 TO 15,
ON PERCENT.
Sure of good business, as we have never failed at that time. 16-1t*

FOR SALE—
SOLOMON'S TEMPLE AND JERUSALEM.
Finest Sacred Panorama on the continent.
22 immense pictures, with fixtures complete.
Nearly new. Price only $200.
Address D. H.
16-1t* Lockbox 51, Jefferson, Iowa.

JOPLIN OPERA-HOUSE,
JOPLIN, MO.
NEW AND COMPLETE. Population, 12,000; and the best show town in the West. Will share or rent.
16-7t* A. J. BLACKWELL, Proprietor.

TO MANAGERS.
J. H. DOLEN,
PROPERTY-MAN AND PROPERTY-MAKER,
late of Arch-street Theatre, Philadelphia, is disengaged for season of 1878-9. Address J. H. DOLEN,
16-1t 710 Spring Garden street, Philadelphia, Pa.

TO LET,
THE LICEO UNDI (ALBISU) THEATRE,
HAVANA, CUBA.
This beautiful and favorite theatre, situated in a central location and capable of seating over TWO THOUSAND PERSONS, is offered to let for the Winter season, and for all kinds of performances, or as a circus, for which it is specially adapted. For particulars apply to M. Curbelo, at the theatre, or in New York to J. DUFFAND, 24 Broadway. 16-8t

NOTICE.—Are any of you responsible managers in want of a CLOSE-CONTRACTING AGENT? Close the season with Mlle. Hearn's Burlesquers at Howard Athenæum, Boston, Saturday, July 13. Open for engagement after that date. F. B. Wallace & the Dixon Sisters, let me hear from you. YANK NEWELL,
16-1t* Anthony House, 12th street, and Broadway, N. Y.

GEMS OF MELODY.
JOHN T. RUTLEDGE'S LATEST SONGS.
"I Bring the Heart of God," 50c.
"Poor Old Jessie's Blind," 40c.
"Only a Rose from Mother's Grave," 35c.
"Happy Times in Dixie for de Way," 35c.
For sale by all music dealers throughout the United States and Canadas. 16 3t

WANTED, TWO GOOD ACTORS AND SEVEN Young Actresses to travel through South and West. Liberal salaries. Hightower & Hilgrove, Gen. mans., Okolona, Miss.*

COLVILLE FOLLY COMPANY,
THE
PAR EXCELLENCE
OF
BURLESQUE ORGANIZATION,
WILL COMMENCE THE SEASON OF 1878-79
AT CHICAGO
ON JULY 29, 1878.
Applications from the following—
AN EXPERIENCED YOUTHFUL ACTRESS
for character business, possessing a strong MEZZO-SOPRANO voice, well cultivated;
A STRONG SOPRANO VOICE
as chorus and utility;
A STRONG FIRST-BASS VOICE
as chorus and utility;
A STRONG SECOND-TENOR VOICE
as chorus and utility
—will be entertained by SAM'L COLVILLE,
16-1t* 110 Fourth avenue.

A BIG CHANCE
FOR A LIVE MANAGER.
On account of sickness in my family, which necessitates my remaining at home, I WILL SELL ONE OF EDISON'S SPEAKING PHONOGRAPHS and the exclusive privilege of exhibiting the same in 16 counties of Pennsylvania (including the Bradford oil region). No one but thoroughly reliable parties treated with. Address immediately
W. J. CHAPPELLE,
16-1t Susquehanna, Pa.

GRAND OPENING.
WANTED, A FULL DRAMATIC COMPANY
for a season of ten months, commencing by inaugurating New Opera-house, Tarport, Pa., July 22. Fares advanced. Good Leader of Orchestra and Brass Band wanted. Address immediately GEO. E. WILSON & CO.
16-1t* Box 237, Bradford, Pa.

METROPOLITAN THEATRE,
NEWARK, N. J.
FRED WALDMAN .....Proprietor
THIS THOROUGHLY STOCKED VARIETY THEATRE TO RENT UPON SHARING TERMS FROM JULY 15 TO COMBINATIONS.
FOR TERMS ADDRESS AS ABOVE. 15-2t*

CHAS. I. MARSH, LEADER OF ORCHESTRA AND BAND, will be at liberty after Aug. 1, 1878. I am well up in dramatic and variety business. A permanent location preferred. Will locate in some live town where a fair salary can be paid. Address all communications to 129 Montgomery street, Syracuse, N. Y. I arrange and compose band and orchestra music. 15-2t*

KRISCH'S HALL,
SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS.
Inaugurated by Billed Tom. Capacity, 700. Good dressing-rooms. Population, 20,000. For terms, etc., address
15-7t* TOM HOWARD, Agent, P. O. Box 193.

MRS. FRANKIE GONZALEZ,
CHARACTER PARTS and OLD WOMEN. Responsible managers only, address Boston, Mass. 15-2t*

TO MANAGERS.
WM. HYLAND,
Stage-carpenter and Machinist, late of New Orleans, is open for engagements for '78 and '79. Address
15-2t* WM. HYLAND, 68 West street, New York.

COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN,
140½ West Fifteenth street, New York,
BUSINESS-MANAGER OR TREASURER,
can be engaged for Season 1878-79. 8-tf

PIPER'S NEW OPERA-HOUSE,
VIRGINIA CITY, NEVADA.
Stars and Combinations visiting the Pacific Coast will find it to their advantage to visit this city. House holds $1,200. Terms, share or certainty.
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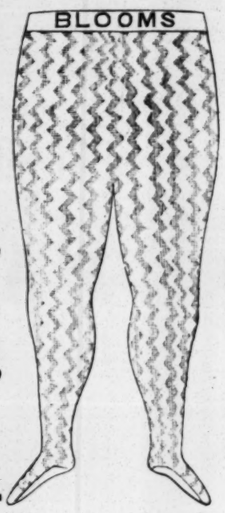

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